

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## THE LAY OF THE GERMAN LINT-MAKERS.

TEAR the smooth linen, pull out the pale threads  
 That were woven so deftly, so firm, and fast,  
 For an hour is coming, that each heart dreads,  
 As we sit here lonely, bowing our heads  
 O'er the thought of the sweet, calm Past —  
 The Past that, when present, we knew not other  
 Than its earlier brethren, born of one mother,  
 Children of Peace, that each lived his day  
 And in mild monotony passed away : —  
 We knew not their beauty, but *now we know*,  
 As the last has fled at the blast of the foe,  
 And a stern dark Present over us broods,  
 Just dropping a word in her churlish moods —  
 "Ye call me harsh, but a harsher than I  
 Stands under that cloud-built canopy —  
 A Future drawing terribly nigh,  
 Whom many must greet with a bitter cry!  
 So work, aye work ere worse may hap" —  
 And the lint-heap rises up in the lap.

The lint-heap rises — like a white foam  
 On the crest of the deep dark billow,  
 That none dare track down its awful gloom,  
 But we know that it sundered the youth from his  
 home,

The husband's head from the pillow.  
 Ah, fair white napery, soft bed-drapery,  
 Given by our mothers when each was bride,  
 The young girl's vision, the matron's pride!  
 Your slender threads, as we rend them apart,  
 Seem like a tearing of heart from heart : —  
 They were woven together in the web of our life,  
 For life to endure,\* but the mighty strife  
 Hath smitten us, as with a thunder-clap —  
 And the lint-heap rises up in the lap.

The lint-heap rises — is it this, is it this,  
 The best we can do for our men, our own  
 (Save the prayer flung up from the heart's  
 abyss),

For those who left us with quick warm kiss,  
 Our young men strong in brain and in bone,  
 Whom the handwork craft, or the desk, or the  
 spade

Awaits, to take up the task down-laid —  
 Is it this we store up for their coming again?  
 Their coming? Oh how? ask the men who re-  
 main

Why they bind the white badge with the red  
 cross wrought

Round each stout arm, when sounds the alarm  
 To go meet their fellows, the men who have  
 fought, —

Helpless now, all wearily brought

\* The marriage-stock of linen in Germany is supposed, in ordinary cases, to require no replenishing during the lifetime of the couple.

One by one — like these pale, pale threads —  
 To rest the torn limbs and the fevered heads  
 In a refuge of hard-won calm.  
 Ah! how endure when that "worse" shall  
 hap? —  
 Work on: let the lint-heap rise in the lap.

For what is War, but a rending asunder  
 All the fair gifts of the years gone by?  
 The looms that wrought comfort, and pleasure,  
 and wonder

Lie shattered beneath the shock of its thunder,  
 The blooming plantations languish and die.  
 Pestilent wind, smiting nation from nation,  
 Up tearing the highways of civilization,  
 And plunging us back in the rude "long-  
 ago,"

Each time thy harsh cry bids gentle arts fly,  
 The savage triumphs, with scorn in his eye  
 For the race who know all secrets below  
 Of world-wide mastery, yet can show  
 For a moral wrong no filter proper  
 Than blindfold mutual butchery!

Yet while kingly strife must be quenched with  
 life,  
 Honour'd be they who fight bravely and long,  
 Maintaining the glory of Fatherland's story  
 Thro' the steadfast will and the sinew strong.  
 Honour'd the friend, ay and honour'd the foe,  
 Whom Duty in terrible garb lays low  
 Where he came to scatter death, — but finds  
 Perchance, in a sympathy born of pain,  
 A deeper chord in the world's wide strain  
 Than the passion of patriot minds.

Tear the smooth linen, pull out the pale threads,  
 Mete out the bandage, make ready the beds;  
 It is come, the hour we dreaded is come,  
 And the call to act strikes our terrors dumb.  
 No time for doubting, no leisure for sorrow,  
 To God we must leave the care of to-morrow;  
 For the men who have lost, the men who have  
 won,

Are brought on their litters one by one.  
 'Tis the awful Future we knew was near  
 Now turned to a Present! — yet stay that tear;  
 For the hand may bind and the voice ring kind  
 O'er the shattered forms as they slowly wind

Along, on their living bier.  
 We'll wrestle and strive to save them alive,  
 The men who for us would die;  
 So work, work on, lest the life-thread snap —  
 Snap, as the fateful moments fly.  
 We know not to-day what to-morrow shall hap,  
 And still must the lint-heap rise in the lap.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE BALTIC PROVINCES OF RUSSIA.

3

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE BALTIC PROVINCES OF RUSSIA.\*

UNTIL recently the Russian Baltic Provinces have been chiefly known to the British public as a vast granary of corn, and a storehouse of flax, hemp, linseed, and tallow. Latterly, however, news has reached us from that quarter of a fierce struggle, carried on by the German inhabitants against their Russian masters, who are trying to suppress the Protestant faith, the German language, customs, and laws of these provinces, and to supplant them by the faith of the Orthodox Church, the Russian language, and more especially by the peculiar village-tenure of land which prevails in Russia. This struggle represents a phase of the larger conflict now going on in that comparatively narrow tract of land, which separates the Germanic and the Russian world, and stretches under the same longitude from the White Sea to the Transylvanian Alps. This battle-field of hostile races consists of three distinct territories: one Swedish in Finland; another German in Curland, Livland, Esthland; and a third Polish in Lithuania. The three together forming the western boundary of the Russian Empire, but being severally as strange to each other as they are to the race which has incorporated them in its dominion. Each of these territories has a mother-country at its back, on which it leans for support, but the relations between the outposts and the main army are not alike in the three. While the intercourse between Finland and Scandinavia is carried on with energy, and Sweden still cherishes the hope of regaining her former province; while Poles and Lithuanians wrestle united against the common foe; the Baltic Provinces stand nearly isolated in this strife, defending the bulwark of their ancient civilization against the ever-rising tide of Panslavism. Ger-

many until lately cared little for the fate of this forlorn and distant colony, and it is only the hardships of the last few years which have re-awakened the sympathies of the mother-country. Considering the German enthusiasm which manifested itself in the Schleswig Holstein quarrel, it is remarkable how slow the Germans have been to show their sympathy with their kinsmen living under the dominion of Russia, and exposed to pressure infinitely more severe than any the Danes could inflict. The works placed at the head of this article show, however, that the question has now been taken up with some vigour, and Dr. Eckardt's excellent volume in English contains an able summary of it.

The Baltic provinces of the Russian Empire, Curland, Livland, and Esthland (more commonly called by us Livonia and Estonia), were colonized in the twelfth and thirteenth century by German merchants, knights, and priests, whose number increased so rapidly that the original inhabitants of the country were compelled to acknowledge these Saxons \* as lords of the country, and to accept from them the Christian religion. Gradually there arose a federative State, designated by the collective name of Livland (Livonia), which owed allegiance to the Emperor as its liege lord, and to the Pope as its spiritual head. Five bishoprics, Riga, Dorpat, Oesel, Curland, and Lemgallen, shared the dominion of the land with the knightly Order of the Sword and the Teutonic Order, whilst the cities, especially Riga, Reval, and Dorpat, maintained an independent position as members of the Hanseatic League. Between these members of the confederation continual contests went on, in which they expended their best strength. The Bishops waged war with the Orders; the cities with knights and bishops; and even while Russians, Swedes, and Poles threatened to invade the land, the rival powers of the country could not heal their differences or cease their quarrels. In the sixteenth century two events happened which caused the inevitable overthrow of this complicated structure — the Reformation and the Russian invasion. When the Lutheran doctrine rapidly

\* 1. *Die baltischen Provinzen Russlands* von Dr. J. ECKARDT. 2te Aufl. Leipzig: 1869.  
2. *Geschichtsbilder aus der lutherischen Kirche Livlands* von V. HARLESS. Leipzig: 1869.  
3. *Der deutsch-russische Konflikt an der Ostsee* von W. v. BOCK. 1869.  
4. *Der russisch-baltische Küstenstrich in der Gegenwart* von JURI SAMARIN. Prag: 1868.  
5. *Livlandische Antwort an Herrn Juri Samarin von Prof. SCHIRREN*. 8te Aufl. Leipzig: 1869.  
6. *Modern Russia*. By DR. JULIUS ECKARDT. London: 1870.

\* The Ethnic language designates by the same word, *Saxa*, master and German.

spread from Germany over the Baltic provinces, the continuance of this feudal ecclesiastic form of government became impossible. At the same time an invasion of the country by Ivan the Terrible gave an outward shock of equal force to the old order of things. The devastation which the unfortunate provinces suffered by the inroad of those Tartar hordes surpassed the miseries which the Thirty Years War brought on Germany; it could only be compared to those Mongol inundations which, under Zengis Khan, changed the flourishing lands of Central Asia into a desert, and scattered the ruins of once prosperous cities over a wilderness. Down to this present day the numbers of the population of Livland have not again reached the height at which they stood previous to Ivan's invasion, and at the close of the sixteenth century not a fourth part of the cities which once enriched and adorned the provinces were left in existence. At the same time, the forces of Sweden and Poland threatened to take advantage of the Russian invasion; and as no help could be obtained from the Emperor and Diet of Germany, the only question for the different parts of the confederation was, to which of the aggressors they should submit. Esthland, the most northern territory, surrendered to the King of Sweden; Curland, the most southern part, became a Polish vassal-dukedom, whose wise Prince, Gotthard Kettler, formerly Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, was able to protect his subjects from Polish encroachments, and to maintain with rare skill a comparative independence; the country remained in this condition more than two hundred years, and enjoyed during this time, at least, a much happier lot than its sister provinces. Livland, by a solemn treaty — the famous *Privilegium Sigismundi*, which was to guarantee for all time her Lutheran faith, the German language, and internal self-government — acknowledged the King of Poland as her master. But if the unfortunate province had hoped to buy a happier fate at the price of its independence that hope was cruelly disappointed; no sooner was the treaty of 1561 signed than it was violated in nearly every particular. The Jesuits, who were then all-powerful at the Court of Poland, introduced the Catholic religion,

established Catholic bishoprics, and degraded the privileged Protestant faith into a tolerated sect; rights and customs were trampled to the earth by hostile generals and Polish officials. For thirty years Livland had to endure the lawless and unjust rule of Poland; and that period was marked by universal ruin and decay; trade and industry were nearly destroyed; the highways which had formerly distinguished the country were broken up and infested by robbers; the peasants were reduced to the utmost degradation of serfdom; the nobility impoverished and decimated by the endless wars; the churches and schools were dilapidated. At length the Swedo-Polish war of succession brought about a more durable state of things by uniting Livland to the Swedish crown, whose supremacy Esthland had already acknowledged thirty years before. Under the humane sceptre of these Protestant Kings, who carefully respected the rights and privileges of their new subjects, Livland was restored to the influence of order and civilization. Gustavus Adolphus re-established the Protestant churches and schools, inaugurated a university at Dorpat, remodelled the administration of justice, and took effective measures for limiting the serfdom of the peasants, and settling the amount of their forced labour at a fixed proportion to the land they occupied.

Unfortunately the reign of that great and good Prince scarcely lasted long enough to allow the country to recover from the state of utter misery to which the Polish rule had reduced it. Charles XI., in his financial straits, ventured upon a measure which, under the pretext of overhauling the defective titles of the nobles, confiscated nearly five-sixths of all the Livonian estates to the Swedish exchequer. The resistance of the Livonian nobility against this arbitrary proceeding was desperate, and when oppressed beyond endurance, its chief, Reinhold Patkul, fled to Peter the Great, and directed the Czar's attention to the importance which an extension of his boundaries to the Baltic would have for his new empire. Again Livland became the battle-field of two hostile nations in the great Northern war, until at last, by the Peace of Nystadt (1710),

Sweden yielded this province and Esthland to its more powerful neighbour; but by that same treaty Peter renewed for himself and his successors the engagement which he had taken some years before by a formal capitulation with the Baltic Estates, to acknowledge and respect in these provinces the ascendancy of the Lutheran Church, of German law and language, and of the hereditary institutions of the land.

In spite of the goodwill which the Czar manifested towards his new German subjects, mistakes and misunderstandings occurred from ignorance of the customs and institutions, which the provinces prized as the dearly-bought result of their long history and of their ancient civilisation; and more than one generation passed away before the Russian Government had learnt to understand the claims and wishes of its Baltic coast lands. The Swedish interference with the existing tenure of land was immediately cancelled by Peter, and the nobility were again acknowledged as proprietors; but the war had reduced the country to utter destitution, from which it slowly emerged in the second half of the eighteenth century. Catherine II. endeavoured to evade the engagements which her ancestors had taken by the Peace of Ny-stadt, and to supplant the old constitution by an autocratic bureaucracy; but her son Paul restored the rights of the provinces under that treaty. When, after the final division of Poland, the maintenance of the quasi-independent position of Curland had become impossible, this dukedom, after a separation of 231 years, was once more reunited to the other two provinces, and thus the old Baltic Confederation, inaugurated by the restoration of the University of Dorpat, was again re-established under the sceptre of Alexander I., with whose reign a new and hopeful epoch for the Baltic provinces began. Their history from 1795 to 1845 is not marked by any striking event; but during that long epoch of peace the country rose gradually to a well-being unknown since the middle ages; serfdom was abolished; the cities flourished again with all the activity of commerce; the clergy, roused by the influence of evangelical enthusiasm and subsequently of rationalism, took up the cause of popular

education; the higher classes participated eagerly in the literary movement of Germany; the university rose to importance; a provincial press sprang up, and the liberal ideas of the age struck root abundantly in so favourable a soil. Yet nowhere in his vast dominions could the Czar boast of more faithful subjects, so long as the Russian Government respected the acknowledged rights of the provinces. Their nobility furnished the Russian army and diplomacy with the ablest of their generals and ambassadors. The names of the Lievens, Rosens, Pahlens, Brunnows, Krüdnars, Budbergs, Stackelbergs, are inseparable from modern Russian history. These excellent relations between the Government and the people, this peaceful development of the resources of the country, have unfortunately been deeply disturbed by the Panslavist propaganda, which towards the close of the Emperor Nicolas's reign began to attack the peculiar institutions of the Baltic provinces of Finland and Poland. But before we enter upon the contest which the present generation has to sustain for their national civilisation, we must try to give a sketch of the country itself. Its external appearance has not much changed since the graphic description Lady Eastlake gave us of it in her charming "*Letters from the Baltic*," we are afraid to say how many years ago.

Curland, Livland, and Esthland form, with the islands belonging to them, a flat territory of about 7,000 English square miles, broken up by no mountain range, but intersected by numerous little rivers and two large ones, the Duna and the Windau. The climate is in the south that of North Germany, in the north that of the corresponding parts of Russia, but tempered by the vast extent of the forests and by the neighbourhood of the sea. The population, amounting to about 1,850,000, is divided into three parts — the Germans and two primeval races, of which the Esths are a Finnish tribe, the Letts a Lithuanian race, whose language has more affinity with Sanscrit than any other spoken in Europe. These aboriginal inhabitants of the country were in former times undoubtedly heavily oppressed by their German masters, but the common sufferings which both endured un-

der a foreign yoke, and the voluntary emancipation of the peasants, which the nobles began even before serfdom was extinguished in Germany did much to blend the various strata of the population into one people. Everything that does not belong to the peasant class is German in its character. The peasants, indeed, still retain their language, but the Baltic provinces present a striking example of the truth that language is only one of the constituent elements of nationality. In everything but language the Letts and Esths are Germans; they are as thorough Lutherans as their former masters; they know none but German ideas of law; they regard the introduction of the German forms of culture and improvement as the only track which leads to a higher position on the social scale. The well-to-do Lettish farmer still speaks the provincial language of his ancestors, but he sends his son to the German university of Dorpat; the former serf's daughter passes as a German into the service of a noble lady; the clever lad who has been taught by his clergyman, and makes his way in business as apprentice or clerk, is essentially German. The social gulf which formerly separated masters and servants is thus filled up day by day, and the common interest of resisting the encroachments of the Greek Orthodox Church and the Russification of the country effectually unites both races. Undoubtedly the Lettish and Esthish population are still numerically in the majority, but that majority is fast dwindling away, and it is impossible to state what is the exact proportion of the pure German population and of the aborigines.

Of these provinces, Curland, the southernmost, is also the most fertile and wealthy, for it has suffered less from wars and civil disturbances than the adjacent districts. The traveller proceeds from the Prussian frontier to the southern slopes of the Dūna, through carefully cultivated plains; corn-fields alternate with rich meadows stocked with cattle and sheep, well-kept roads connect the manorial seats and little market-towns; the churches, parsonages, and schools look comfortable; the inns are clean, the people courteous and contented, and everything seems to breathe prosperity. There are no villages; the land is held in large separate farms which are often miles distant from each other. The nobility is a real aristocracy, generally rich, proud of their ancient descent; but not so narrowminded and pretentious as many of their German cousins. The Curland nobleman is an enthusiastic sportsman, yet he highly prizes intellectual culture, and has always bestowed particular care on the education of the peo-

ple. The gentry have supported for the last twenty-seven years a training or normal school for teachers, and it would not be easy to find a lad of fourteen who is not acquainted with the rudiments of arithmetic and geography, besides reading, writing, and a thorough knowledge of his Lutheran catechism. The misfortune of the country is the want of an independent middle class; there are but two cities of some importance, Mitau, the seat of the governor, and Libau. In the small market-towns the Jews predominate, but the whole political power and influence is in the hands of the gentry: their delegates alone form the diet, and elect the judges and country magistrates. A state of things utterly unknown in other parts of Russia, and not common in Germany, where bureaucratic administration by the petty servants of the State has for the most part swept away the very springs of self-government.

When the Dūna is passed, which forms the boundary between Curland and Livland, the scene changes; endless dark pine forests remind the traveller that he is going northward; the farms are more thinly scattered and look less prosperous; the thatched roof is becoming general; wheat, which was predominant in Curland, yields the place to rye and barley, and north of Riga begin the flax-fields, which form the peculiar wealth of the country. A general survey shows at once that the soil is less productive, and that the inhabitants have suffered more than their southern neighbours by frequent change of rule, and by wars and confiscations. The nobility are much poorer, and the younger sons nearly all go into the military or civil service of the Government. On the other hand, we find here a powerful middle class, which from the middle ages until now has ever played a conspicuous part in the principal and more independent cities. Riga, the ancient, and the proud, with its 103,000 inhabitants, is the centre of Baltic commerce and the seat of the governor-general, who still inhabits the old castle founded by the grandmasters of the Order. This city retains completely the character of an old German town, with those narrow angular streets of gabled houses, granaries, and brick churches which we meet with in Lubeck, Wismar, or Dantzig; whilst in the more modern suburbs, the dwelling houses of the wealthier merchants have sprung up, who carry on a lively commerce in the timber, flax, hemp, tallow, linseed and corn, which come in never-ending masses down the Dūna on huge rafts from the interior. Riga is the only town in the Baltic provinces which contains a considerable Russian pop-

ulation, mostly belonging to the poorest classes, and all being sectaries of the old faith, who, persecuted in the Empire by the Orthodox Church, took shelter under the protection of the Protestant authorities. The constitution of the city, moulded upon that of Hamburg, is to this day strictly aristocratic, all power being in the hands of the three estates. The town possesses an elegant theatre, a splendid exchange, guild-halls, mansion-house, a polytechnic school, a navigation school, and a particularly fine harbour, which by a huge mole is protected against the quicksands that threatened to choke up the Duna. In recent times Riga has become the centre of the struggle against the measures taken by the Russian Government for the *Russification* of the provinces, the "Rigaer Zeitung" and the "Baltische Monatsschrift" being the principal organs of the provincial press, which defend the German civilisation of the inhabitants.

Travelling northward, we reach the University of Dorpat, the intellectual and scientific centre of the three Baltic provinces. Founded by Gustavus Adolphus, but soon afterwards destroyed, its re-establishment was stipulated in the capitulation of 1710; but the country had been so impoverished by constant wars that it was unable to collect the resources which such an institution required. During the whole of the eighteenth century those who sought an academical education were obliged to go to Germany. The greater number of the physicians, clergy, and lawyers in the provinces were immigrants, and it may be believed that those individuals did not always belong to the *élite* of their respective professions. The want of a native seat of learning was therefore sorely felt, and when in 1802, the liberality of Alexander I. at length filled up the gap, the young establishment speedily rose to prosperity; henceforth it became necessary to everybody who aimed at a position in political or judicial life, in the clerical or in the scientific world, to have studied at Dorpat. Scattered throughout the Russian Empire there are physicians, chemists, and clergymen who have received their scientific training in the Baltic university: a Dorpat diploma is the best recommendation for a physician who settles in a Russian town, be it on the Volga or on the Amoor. Most of the students, indeed, remain at home. The university has become a national bond for uniting all classes of the community; the sons of noble houses mingle freely there with those of the Riga citizens and semi-German peasants, and contract friendships which often last through life.

Passing from Dorpat over the frontier of Livland to Esthland, the character of the landscape becomes more and more northern. Swedish names betray the Scandinavian rule, to which the province was for a long time subjected. The unsavourable conditions of the climate, the poverty of the soil, and the rivalry of St. Petersburg have checked the progress of the principal towns—Reval possessing a fine port on the rocky southern shore of the Gulf of Finland—and the last outpost of Baltic German civilization, the ancient but decaying city of Narva, looking down on the Russian fort Ivangorod, which points the way to the capital of the Czars.

We have said that with the accession of Alexander I. a more happy period began for the Baltic provinces; the country enjoyed the long-desired peace, the Emperor respected the privileges of the provinces, and did what he could to promote their welfare. A decided change for the worse took place in the reign of Nicolas. Complete seclusion from western civilization, the prohibitory system, stagnation of intellectual life, a brutal censorship, which laid its ban upon almost all the notable productions of foreign literature, and the arbitrary rules of a stupid bureaucracy gave to that period of Russian history a sullen despondent character, which was nowhere more sorely felt than in the Baltic provinces.

The system became the more intolerable, as with advancing age the arrogance and self-will of the autocrat rose to an insufferable height. Praised by a servile Court and foreign admirers as the shield of legitimacy and the great bulwark against revolution, elated by his military and political success in the inglorious contests he was doomed to wage against the cause of liberty and progress, the Emperor considered himself as the nucleus of conservative interests. Nobody dared to oppose his most extravagant opinions, nobody ventured anything which looked like a criticism of the Government. Dr. Eckardt relates that the censor of the "Northern Bee" received a reprimand because a paragraph had been suffered to appear in that journal complaining of the *cast-iron garden-seats* in the park of Tzarsko-Selo; they had been cast after a design approved by the Emperor.

The Crimean war freed Europe and Russia from the incubus of this system. The terrible power which blighted every progress was discovered to be hollow; the godlike authority which seemed to tower over all human frailties suffered a sudden downfall, and the sovereign who but one

year before was considered all-powerful, died defeated and broken-hearted.

After peace had been restored, an altered tone made itself apparent in the public life of Russia. The Government indeed hesitated before entering upon larger reforms, but the abolition of a number of absurd restrictions which Nicolas had issued sufficed to rouse the long-slumbering energies of the people. It began to hope for a better future, and with the greater liberty of the press all the desires which had been suppressed for generations broke forth. When the Government, encouraged by the enthusiastic gratitude of its subjects, began to put its hand in earnest to the work of reform, more especially when the Emperor declared his intent of abolishing serfdom, the excitement became universal, and nothing appeared impossible.

A witty Russian remarked at the time, says Dr. Eckardt, that if Nicolas had forbidden his subjects to appear in the streets, and if Alexander had only revoked this prohibition, he would have been immediately regarded as one of the most free-minded monarchs of his day. But the first measures of the Government were regarded as the precursors of greater changes. The opening of the universities, the abolition of high fees on passports, the pardon of the surviving conspirators of 1826, and, above all, the concessions made to the press, transported the nation to a pitch of ecstasy which carried all before it and has changed the aspect of Russian society. For Russia passed, as it were, at one bound from a servile obedience to despotic power to all the license of democratic agitation. Indeed the moment the pressure of the hand of Nicolas was removed, the essentially democratic land tenures of the Russian village system hurried along public opinion to extremes which it has not yet reached in any part of Western Europe.

Some of the boundary provinces also received their share of the blessings of the new era. The Emperor restored the old Swedish constitution to Finland, and Poland obtained a provincial government under a national Minister, the Marquis Wielopolski. The Baltic provinces alone seemed to remain untouched by this universal reform movement. If their constitution had been previously abolished and now re-established, the event would have roused them from their torpor; but according to the letter it had remained in force, although Nicolas had violated it whenever it suited him. Those old institutions had alone seemed to afford any shelter against the chilling blast of autocracy. The word "reform" had

been proscribed; the Baltic gentry knew that if they tried to put their administration on a better footing, or to give political rights to their peasants, the Emperor would have at once made a clean sweep of their powers of self-government. So they clung to the old ordinances and privileges, the loss of which they considered as tantamount to the calamities of revolution.

It was, however, a decided political mistake that the leading men of the country did not avail themselves of the appropriate moment for the salutary remodelling of their ancient institutions. If during the first years of Alexander's reign the diets of the duchies had asked the Government to sanction a reform of their constitution and of the provincial administration, in conformity with the principles of the age, the Emperor would not have been able to refuse this demand, and numerous abuses which unquestionably existed might have been redressed. But the country had lost the habit of political action, and it failed to seize upon this favourable conjuncture, which rapidly passed away. Ere long the Russian democratic press began to attack the aristocratic organization of the Baltic communities, the ponderous corporations of the cities, and the knightly assemblies disintegrated into the several estates. Herzen, who at that time ruled supreme over public opinion in Russia, called upon the Government to clear out all this mediæval rubbish, and to restore to the original proprietors, the peasants, the soil, which the Germans had taken from them. Intimidated by these attacks and frightened by the difficulties of reform, the Conservatives remained passive; and it was not until the year 1862 that, at the Livonian diet, formal propositions were introduced for remodelling the constitution, for placing the administration of justice on a better footing, for abolishing antiquated privileges, and for establishing a closer union between the three provinces. But the propitious moment for effecting a reform, at once liberal and yet maintaining the autonomy of the provinces, had been allowed to slip away. The internal difficulties which had to be overcome were great; the boundaries between mere class privileges and national privileges were exceedingly awkward to determine. Was it not to be feared that if the gentry gave up the right to elect the judges, the State would press in and send Russian judges unacquainted with the local circumstances? The Lettish peasants, the special favourites of the Russian democracy, had made great progress; serfdom had been abolished among them more than a generation before

the measure was thought of in Russia; but were the lower classes sufficiently advanced to be entrusted indiscriminately with the suffrage? Upon what footing was the reform of the borough corporations to be established? were all the Russian heterodox handicraftsmen to be admitted to a share of municipal power in the provinces? Was it not necessary to insist upon the repeal of the Russian laws which were introduced against the provincial charter, and entitled the Orthodox Church alone to convert to its creed those who did not belong to it? But would not such a demand be ill received at St. Petersburg? These instances may suffice to give an idea of the internal and external difficulties with which the Baltic reformers had to struggle. But before they had come to a conclusion, an event took place which changed the whole aspect of things in the Empire. The Polish revolt, which broke out in January 1863, not only frustrated the only serious attempt towards reconciling Poland with the Russian rule which had been made since 1832, but completely annihilated the sympathies of the Russian opposition for Poland. In the first years of the new era the cause of the oppressed sister-country was in decided favour among young Russia. Both had languished under the old system, they both had combated a common adversary. But when the insurrection broke out and rapidly spread into Lithuania; when the dangers of an intervention from the Western powers and a foreign war became threatening, Russian patriotism awoke, and with the instinct of self-preservation, claimed before all things to save the unity of the Empire. Hitherto the question had been, whether more or less liberal concessions ought not to be made to the Poles; the point now became, whether Russia would have to recede behind the Vistula and to give up not only the important frontier-land which she had conquered seventy years ago, but also the neighbouring Lithuanian provinces? Whilst Herzen, Bakunin, Ogareff, and other London exiles passionately took up the cause of Polish independence, the national party, led by Michael Katkoff, the editor of the "Moscow Gazette," declared that the time was past when Russia could play at liberalism and cosmopolitanism. In the presence of a danger which menaced to reduce Russia to a Grandduchy of Moscow, every patriot had but one duty —namely, to save the State; freedom without a country was but an empty phantom.

"The Russian Empire," wrote Katkoff, "is a reality which has been built up laboriously during a century and a half, and has obtained

a place among the great powers of Europe; the maintenance of this State is the basis and the hope of all liberal Russian plans for the future. It is foolish to speak of the future world-wide sway of a Panslavonic empire, and at the same time to break into ruins that State which is the sole personification of Slavonic ideas. The name of citizen will henceforth only belong to him who acknowledges this reality, who devotes all his strength to it, and who renounces all personal predilections and party schemes, until the boundaries of this Empire are secured."

The national party was not satisfied with re-establishing the *status quo ante*, they wanted to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such events as a Polish insurrection. They raised the cry "Russia for the Russians;" they declared that the hostile or lukewarm boundary provinces must be Russianised; that their aristocratic organization ought to be destroyed and replaced by the influx of Russian democracy. The nation, they said, was disgusted with the varnish of Western civilization which had been forced upon it by German rulers. The country could only be regenerated by returning to those genuine national institutions which distinguish Russia from the decaying states of the West. Germany, France, and England, had each in its time played a prominent part, but they were old and had outlived their fame; the times of the nobility and the bourgeoisie were past; the future belonged to Russia and to democracy. But the foundation-stone of this future was the consolidation of the present Empire; to crush the foes who endangered the national existence was therefore the first duty. The sympathetic analogy which appears to govern the destinies of the people of Russia and the people of the United States was never more manifest than on this occasion. The Poland of the one was the Southern States of the other. In both rebellion was to be extinguished with an unsparing hand because it threatened the pride of national existence, and represented the decaying influence of an aristocratic party.

Expressed with the energy of patriotic conviction, seconded by the orthodox clergy, these views soon obtained considerable weight, and Katkoff quickly acquired a more powerful sway over public opinion than even Herzen had exercised from his abode in Bayswater. The Government, seriously embarrassed by the wide-spread rebellion and the menacing language of the Western powers, saw immediately what an advantage it might reap from an alliance with this movement, by enlisting into its service the keenest passions of the people.

It adopted the new programme of the "Moscow Gazette," and invited all patriots to take part in the national work of defending the menaced independence of the Empire. The combined forces of the Government and of Katkoff's party then addressed themselves to the pacification of Lithuania and White Russia. These provinces, which now form the Russian governments of Kowno, Grodno, and Vilna, had lived under Russian rule till the middle of the sixteenth century, and had once belonged to the Greek Church. They were then conquered by Poland, and the upper classes became thoroughly Polish and Catholic; while the peasantry, reduced to strict serfdom, remained faithful to their national and orthodox traditions. In the uprising of 1862, the Lithuanian nobility made common cause with the Poles; the streets of Vilna and Grodno witnessed the same revolutionary demonstrations as those of Warsaw. From that moment the Russian war-cry became "Recovery of the original Russian character of the Lithuanian lands; re-establishment of the Russian peasants in their rights as legitimate possessors of the soil, and disfranchisement of their oppressors, the Polish nobles who had kindled the fire of rebellion."

We cannot follow here the consequences to which this policy led; we cannot trace the history of that terrible system by which Muravieff undertook to restore the Russian character of the Western provinces, and how the same system was introduced by degrees into Poland. It may suffice to say that up to this day the success of the experiment of trampling down by brute force a nation of more than five millions, remains undecided. The Polish revolt is noticed in this place, as an essential element in the question before us, simply because the national excitement which it provoked was soon directed against the institutions of the Baltic provinces.

This may seem strange at the first glance, as these provinces had not shown the slightest sympathy for the Polish rebellion, nor could they be expected to do so, having themselves had ample experience of the evils of Polish rule in former times, and the German element in these provinces being even more uncongenial than that of Russia to the Polish character. But it must be remembered that the turn which Russian public opinion took under Katkoff's guidance was directed to the annihilation of all non-Russian institutions in the Empire, and to the establishment of one compact Russian peasant State. The Moscow school regards it as the task assigned by Providence to

Russia, to crush the aristocratic elements in Lithuania and Poland as well as in the rest of the western provinces. In the name of this principle war was declared against the Swedes in Finland and against the Germans in the Baltic provinces. The Finnish peasants were to be the lords of Finland; Letts and Esths the undivided masters of Livland, Esthland, and Curland. The original inhabitants of both countries were represented as cruelly oppressed by the landlord class, and desiring to be saved by the Russian democracy. The peasants were promised a general division of land. After the example of Lithuania, all the occupiers were to be transformed into proprietors, and the estates of the nobles were to be divided among the tenants and day-labourers. But this was not all. Individual property in the soil itself was to disappear, the equal right of all to an equal share of the land, the communistic system of tenure which prevails in Russia, is proclaimed to be the world-redeeming message, destined to solve the social question before which the outworn societies of Western Europe stand helpless and despairing.

We are indebted to Dr. Eckardt, in his work entitled "Modern Russia," for the most accurate and authentic account we possess of the land tenures of Russia, which we strongly recommend to the consideration of our readers. Suffice it here to say that by ancient custom, which has been more extensively applied since the abolition of serfdom, all the common village lands are periodically distributed every ten or twelve years between the families constituting the village community, in which alone the property is vested. The tenant or occupier has no more than a limited temporary right in the land he tills; the noble or landlord has no rights over these common lands at all. The consequence is that the tenant has no interest in improving the land he occupies in this manner; and as the village is collectively responsible for its dues, the industrious and wealthy pay for the idle and the indigent. By this Russian rural system the essential conditions of property in land are destroyed. Neither landlord nor tenant is interested in the improvement of the soil, and the consequence is that, since the abolition of all forced labour, there has been a frightful deterioration of the husbandry of the Empire — the peasants living on tracts of ground without either the rights or duties of property.

But neither the Finnish nor the Baltic peasants showed any desire to participate in a system which seemed to them fatal to

the interests at least of those who had anything to lose. They had indeed been serfs, and had suffered much in former times from their masters; but those times were gone, and they were emancipated long before the abolition of serfdom had been proclaimed in Russia. They had now become peasant-farmers and proprietors, and they lived on the very best terms with their former lords. Agriculture was in a prosperous state; the Diets advanced money for improvements, particularly for draining the marshy soil. When therefore the Moscow party promised them a new agrarian era, under a system diametrically opposed to that to which they owed their present state of progress, they naturally asked how it was that in the Baltic provinces, where personal property in the soil prevailed, land fetched thirty times and more the price of what it sold for in Russia, where agrarian communism was practised? They knew and saw that in the neighbouring Russian provinces where the principle of equal and periodically-renewed distribution of the soil is established, the peasant cannot raise himself above the level of his fellow-brethren, that no advantage accrues to him by industry and intelligence. Why then should they adopt a tenure which seems inevitably to cast a blight on all national agriculture wherever it exists?

It is possible that the new gospel of Russian democracy found a favourable reception among the Lithuanian peasant-serfs, to whom the estates of their former masters were distributed by Muravieff; if a man has nothing, he will not reject a doctrine which places something within his reach. But by the same reason the Lettish and Finnish peasant was not allured by the bait offered to him, and the Moscow press has hitherto vainly endeavoured to convince him of the advantages of the Russian system. Their daily clamour for an agrarian revolution in the Baltic provinces has indeed done great harm to the landed interest, because the incessant assurances of the Russian papers that the Imperial Government was about to act on their principles created numerous perturbations in the existing conditions of property, particularly after two unusually bad harvests. But in consequence of the urgent representations of the Governor-General, Count Albedinsky, that the sweeping measures advocated by Katkoff and his disciples would throw all the agrarian relations of the provinces into bottomless confusion, the Government remained passive. The result of the communist campaign against the tenure of land in the Baltic provinces has therefore thus far

been to connect the peasants more closely with the nobles and the larger landowners for the defence of their common interests, and this state of feeling will probably continue, unless a forcible confiscation takes place.

The second attack of the Muscovite press was directed against the Lutheran Church and the German schools in the Baltic provinces. The capitulation of 1702, by which Livland and Esthland had become members of the Russian Empire, guaranteed to them the right of Protestant worship, whilst in all the other provinces the Orthodox Church alone was recognized. The Russian code, the Swod, forbids members of the Greek Church to pass over to any other religious community; mixed marriages are to be solemnized exclusively according to the orthodox rite; a Lutheran or Catholic priest who admits a member of the Greek Church into his community loses his benefice. Proselytism is punished by banishment to Siberia; the Greek Church alone has the right of converting to its creed those who do not belong to it.

Till 1838 these intolerant enactments were never applied to Finland and the Baltic provinces; but at that time they were introduced in spite of the undoubted and established privileges of the people, and a Greek bishopric was founded in Riga for the express purpose of conversion. Promises of every kind were held out to those who would pass over to the Orthodox Church—exemption from military service, remission of taxes, free grants of land in Southern Russia, free education of the children at the expense of the Crown, and advantageous employment in the public service.

It is not surprising that many of the poorer classes were deluded by these prospects, particularly as there had been a famine in 1840, and great destitution prevailed in the country. Misled by the deceitful promises of Russian itinerant preachers, about 100,000 of the poorest Letts and Esths passed over to the "Foreign Church," as they called it, in order to purchase a better future. These deluded people had to pay dearly for their apostasy; none of the promises made to them were fulfilled, and they found themselves excluded from the educational institutions of their Lutheran brethren. Living in the midst of a Protestant country, they were separated by their nationality from the Russian people, whose crude system of worship soon became disgusting to them; and the Greek priests showed a contemptuous indifference to their fate when once they had

been enrolled as members of the Orthodox Church. They had contracted an obligation which they soon found it difficult to shake off. Nevertheless, a mighty reaction soon occurred, the converts poured in crowds to the secular and religious authorities of the country, imploring to be received back into the Lutheran Church; but they were met by the inexorable law that whoever belonged to the Orthodox Church could not leave it again. When the requests and remonstrances of this conscience-troubled multitude met with a flat refusal, the indignant proselytes declared that nothing at least should ever compel them to attend the service of the Orthodox ritual. The Lutheran clergy being forbidden under severe penalties to administer to them the sacramental rites, they thronged in disguise to the Lord's Supper. They introduced a sort of civil marriage amongst themselves, and baptised their own children. The government resorted in vain to means of persuasion and violence, but it was at last obliged to let the matter drop, and to check the misplaced zeal for conversion which had produced such deplorable results. The law against mixed marriages remained in force, however, and in spite of all the representations of the Russian governors, children were torn forcibly from their parents who wished to educate them as Protestants. At last, in 1864, the Government tacitly allowed the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces freedom of confession with regard to children born in mixed marriages. The Moscow press attacked this decision as a wilful injury done to the most sacred interests of Russia and her Church; and in spite of the complaints of the wretched converts, who vainly implored permission to return to their original creed, the Russian party never ceased to complain of the oppression of the Greek Church in Livland. The Greek clergy opposed a passive resistance to every concession, by refusing to perform the marriage ceremony between persons of the Orthodox and the Lutheran faith; and in the following year the Government sanctioned this refusal as against the Lutherans. In 1867 the Orthodox Archbishop of Riga publicly insulted the Lutheran Church in a pastoral letter which put the whole country in commotion; but he was simply translated to a bishopric in Southern Russia. But a Protestant clergyman was deposed from his office because many years before he had censured the worship of pictures. In like manner, the Lutheran Bishop of Livland, Dr. Walter, having ventured to allude in a sermon to the necessary and natural Germani-

sation of the Letts and Esths, was immediately deposed. The national party is constantly endeavouring to prove that the interests of the Empire demand the degradation of the Lutheran Church in the Baltic provinces to the position of a tolerated heresy, which it holds in the rest of Russia. They therefore encourage different sects which have recently appeared, particularly the Baptist immigrants, who, molested in Prussia, have come in considerable numbers to Curland.

Especial zeal was displayed against the German tendency and character of the Baltic school-system. Russian schools were established, not only in Riga, but in other towns, where scarcely any Russian population exists, and in all national schools instruction in the Russian language is rendered obligatory. The provost of the University of Dorpat, who is at the head of the educational department in the provinces, has been coupled with a Russian colleague, specially appointed to watch over the interests of the Russian language — i.e., its extension, and the gradual extinction of German in the schools. The University itself, as one of the strongest bulwarks of German civilization and Protestantism, is of course an object of particular hatred to the Moscow party. No pains are spared to undermine it, and to transform it eventually into a Russian institution. The natural consequence of these principles is that the introduction of Russian language in the Courts of law and in the administrative departments is demanded in the name of equality and progress. The old law of the country, confirmed by the capitulation of 1702, distinctly established a purely German administration. Even a decree of 1845, regulating the civil administration of the Baltic provinces, acknowledged that public affairs were generally to be transacted in German, except that in the parish vestries the prevailing local idiom — i.e. the Esthnic or Lettish language — was to be adopted. In 1850, for the first time, the Emperor Nicolas prescribed that in all transactions of the Government authorities the Russian language was to be introduced. This decree remained a dead letter, because not one in fifteen of the civil functionaries could speak or write Russian. In 1867 the edict of 1850 was renewed; henceforth only persons conversant with the Russian language were to be appointed as officers of the Crown. The Governor-General notified that for the future letters written in Russian would alone be received by the public authorities. This notification was sent in Russian to the senates of the cities, to the

local courts and justices of peace, who in their turn sent back these rescripts, because they could not understand them. After much dispute the Government was obliged to give way so far as to send a German translation with the original text. In St. Petersburg, indeed, men were not wanting, able to discern how deeply the forcible introduction of a difficult foreign language must disturb all private and public interests, and injure the transaction of business. They saw that it was impossible to enforce such a system from want of a staff of officials who could speak and write the Russian language; and they knew that it was equally impossible to introduce into the Baltic provinces the ignorant and corrupt functionaries of the interior of the Empire. But these more moderate men were few and isolated, whilst Katkoff's party numbered numerous adherents at the head of affairs, and exercised great influence. The remonstrances of the moderates and the indignant protestations of the Baltic population have alike been overruled; and thus one by one the intelligent and highly-deserving Baltic statesmen have been removed from the higher posts and replaced by Russians who know nothing of the country. When the magistrates and the Diets complained of breach of privileges, their addresses were answered by severe rebukes or not received at all. The Baltic press was restricted from any effectual defence of the interests of the country; for whilst the press of Moscow had unlimited liberty of attack, the censorship was maintained in Riga, Dorpat, and Reval. The provincial newspapers could therefore only answer their opponents so far as the Russian censor would allow it, and whoever resorted to foreign journals was declared a traitor, conspiring with Count Bismarck to sever the provinces from the Empire. For the Esthnic and Lettish prints there is only one censor in the three provinces, the manuscripts of all books, papers, prayer-books, &c., edited in those languages, must be sent to Riga, to receive his imprimatur.

How long the Baltic provinces will be able to stand this siege of the democratic party, backed by the autocratic authority of the Czar, nobody can tell. They have little to hope for from foreign intervention. Sweden, which would have a right to interfere as a party to the peace of Nystadt, by which the privileges of the provinces were confirmed, has neither the power nor the interest to quarrel with so dangerous a neighbour for such a cause. Prussia has no right to interfere, but looks of course with pain at this war of extermination

against a German race; nevertheless she is anxious to remain on good terms with Russia. It is however remarkable, that Peter the Great, after the peace of Nystadt, claimed a vote in the German Diet at Ratisbon, because he had become sovereign of a province which belonged to the Empire and had never ceased to do so; and the time may come, perhaps it is come already, when the Germans will seek to resist this odious persecution of the property, the religion, and the language of their northern brethren. But the final issue of this struggle will depend mainly on the internal policy of Russia. Whilst railways are progressing, agriculture is fast retrograding in the Empire. The communist tenure of land and the system of temporary distribution of holdings, above described, was possible only as long as the peasants were serfs and could be forced to work in the fields by their masters. But now being free to do as they like, they only work as much as is necessary to keep themselves from starvation; the rest of their time, which formerly belonged to their masters, is spent in the brandy-shops. Drunkenness is increasing in frightful proportions. The peasant moreover knows that his bankruptcy does not place him in embarrassment, but the village; according to the communist system, the community, not the individual member of it, is responsible. This is enough to check all assiduity and improvement. The nobility is nearly ruined; it has lost immensely by the abolition of serfdom; and the highest wages will not induce the peasants to undertake the regular cultivation of the lands of their former lords. In short, if the picture drawn by Dr. Eckardt and the other writers before us is correct, Russian landed society is in a state of moral and economical dissolution, which sooner or later must produce a terrible crisis.

To this disordered society, instead of trying to cure the dangerous disease which consumes its best forces, the Moscow party is preaching a crusade against the heterodox boundary provinces. Five millions of Catholic Poles, two and a half millions of Protestant Swedes, Germans, Finlanders, Letts, and Esths, are to disappear, in order to realize the Emperor Nicolas' shibboleth, one God, one Czar, one language. We doubt the success of the experiment, even though it be attempted by all the power of the Court of St. Petersburg, backed by the enthusiasm of the Russian democrats. The absorption and assimilation of nationalities is one of the slowest and most difficult processes in history. It

has not been accomplished in these islands. It has not even been accomplished in France. Least of all can it be effected by persecution or by the brute ascendancy of an inferior over a superior and more civilised race. But the nationalities against which the Moscow press declares war in the name of democratic progress, stand on a much higher level than the Russian people. Professor Schirren, in his able answer to Juri Samarin, who accuses the Baltic provinces of conspiring against Russia, says with perfect justice:—

"Our culture is our conspiracy: we have always been faithful to the Emperor; we have never shrank from the greatest sacrifices, even when they were required of us in support of a bad system; we even are willing to be Russified if you can do so by legal means, and by convincing us of the superiority of your intellectual culture; but we protest against the method which you adopt. As long as you have nothing to offer but an agricultural system, which would turn our country into a wilderness, a Church which sanctions the most abject Cæsaro-papism, and as long as you have no other means of propaganda but brute force, we shall maintain our institutions and our autonomy to the very last. We have not been incorporated by conquest, but by a bilateral contract, by which the country acknowledged under certain and well-defined conditions the Russian Czar at its master, whilst he solemnly promised to maintain these conditions. Our ancient privileges were confirmed by the Capitulation of 1702, which is published in the general collection of Russian laws, which has been acknowledged by all the Emperors of Russia, and which, up to this day, forms the only basis of our political relation to the Russian Crown. You may induce the Government to violate our rights, and we may be obliged to submit, but whilst obeying the ascendancy of force we shall never cease to protest

against it. What you attempt now has been equally tried by Polish and Swedish kings—both in their turn the most powerful rulers in Eastern Europe; we have been obliged to give way for the moment, but our right proved stronger than the power which had curbed it. We are convinced that also in this century it will be strong enough to oust your aggression. The inhabitants of a country which for seven hundred years has lived under German influence, cannot in a few years be transformed into Russians; you may cripple the strength of an aged tree, you may cut it down, but you cannot transplant it like a sapling, nor compel it to produce another kind of fruit by compulsory grafting."

The rage which Schirren's pamphlet provoked in the Moscow press, compelled the Government to dismiss him from the professorship of history in Dorpat, but his answer has never been refuted.

The respectful petition which the Diet of Livland has lately addressed to the Emperor, enumerating the violations of the constitution and praying for its re-establishment, has received a negative answer. The country is obliged to suffer in silence, and bide its time, but no pressure will extort from it a voluntary abandonment of its right. The people of the Baltic provinces are confident that the experiment of Russifying by compulsion five different nationalities must in the long run prove a disastrous failure and recoil on its authors. They maintain that their cause is that of Western civilization, against Russian barbarism, to which the theories of Herzen and Katkoff have only given a superficial varnish, and they answer to every new aggression of the Moscow fanatics, "You may oppress us, but you will not subdue us."

It will be well if the Francophobia now raging in Germany puts a stop to the deterioration of the German language by the incorporation of French words. The *Cologne Gazette*, speaking of the Emperor's proclamation to the fleet, is guilty of this offence, as well as of incivility, when it remarks that this production is as colourless and "affectiert" as though he had drawn it from the soul of his wife Eugenie. The naturalization of French words in Germany has reached an absurd pitch. Such expressions as "Ich bin frappirt," "Er ist hochst amusant," &c., are of constant occurrence. Many English writers, it is true, use French words too often, but they only employ them as quotations, and do not amalgamate them into their

own language. This does no permanent injury to the mother tongue, and Dickens's well-known objection to the use of any foreign words whatever was carried rather too far, but a German Dickens would have sound cause for complaint.

A CURIOUS discussion has arisen in Bombay. Tigers having come to Salsette and killed several people, the magistrates applied to increase the reward, but the Government have refused, thinking that the report of the presence of tigers there will attract English sportsmen from Bombay.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

“ SIC TRANSIT.”

For the last time we assemble with the members of the fallen Company. A different gathering it was from the days when, blooded to gold, they gathered to listen to flattering tales, vote themselves dividends and bonuses, and cheer their Governor to the echo. A liquidator, with tongue dropping gall instead of honey, looked down on blank and black, instead of beaming faces. There were visages the last month or two had drawn out by inches like the india-rubber ones that change as you press them, from smiles to unutterable woe. There were pale cheeks and sunken eyes, quivering lips, and slovenly toilettes, and hands that trembled as they fumbled with documents that had been officially circulated — one of them containing a general review of the situation, the other formally calling upon the contributors to show cause why they should refuse to listen to a 6*l.* call. *Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.* In the suspense of the coming explanation, pregnant with his fate, no man felt much disposed to talk or even to grumble: the room was pervaded with the rustle of papers and a murmur that might have come from souls moaning in the dull pains of a distant purgatory.

On the elevated platform behind the liquidators, their solicitor, and a secretary detailed to read papers and minutes, sat a melancholy group of ex-Directors, unfortunates detached alike from the sympathies of one element and the other: like the flying fish, threatened at once by the monsters who gnashed on them with savage teeth from the swelling ocean below, and by the liquidators who hovered over their heads with calls and outstretched claws. There was Sir Ralph, the mere shadow of his former state; McAlpine grave and anxious; and Rushbrook alone, to outward seeming, as unconcerned as ever, twisting the paper in his fingers into a foolscap, and suggesting to the unappreciative Schwartzchild that he should move its adoption by the meeting. And there sat Hugh Childersleigh, his expression not out of keeping with the deep mourning he wore, yet looking round with clear steady eye that bore down, in spite of them, the angry glances it encountered from all sides.

Mr. Auditt broke ground with the accustomed phrases of regret, as obligatory on similar occasions as her Majesty's health at a public dinner. No one could deplore more sincerely than he the calamity that brought them together; — he had a confi-

dent hope of netting by it, from first to last, some 30,000*l.* Yet he trusted they would find elements of comfort in the case, to soften a blow that must fall heavily at best, and he should have been cheered indeed when first taken into their melancholy confidence, could he have hoped the state of things he had a certain satisfaction in reporting, would have been half so favourable. In the first place, he had the pleasure of informing them, that a member of their body and a fellow-sufferer, who, it appeared, laboured under the additional misfortune of being related by ties of blood to their absconded Manager (yells, howls, and groans of execration), — that this gentleman had exerted himself, and exerted himself successfully, to recover much of the abstracted property. Moreover, independent of its very considerable actual value, that recovery had enabled him to form a tolerably reliable estimate of their prospects. In making it, he had been naturally led to examine cursorily into their prospective assets. Here he was happy to have it in his power to pay a high tribute to the late management. He could assure the meeting that advances, generally, seemed to have been made with excellent judgment and on ample security. What most unfortunately compromised them, was the wreck of those subsidiary companies they had promoted, and, on the other hand, it was the ruin of the parent which had involved its progeny in the common misfortune. It might, in one way, add a poignancy to natural regrets; but in justice to their late Directors, and in elucidation of their present position, he was bound to tell them that the collapse could only be attributed to that abnormal condition of the commercial atmosphere which had made all credit unsubstantial as vapour, coupled with the most unfortunate quarter in which they had reposed their confidence — he alluded of course, to their defaulting Manager (Cries of “The Governor too,” “No, no,” “Yes, yes,” “Shame,” “Go on :” — through which our friend Hugh, although his cheek might have flushed and his brow darkened, sat otherwise as unmoved as if his late worshippers had still been vociferating his praises).

After a most elaborate condescension on facts and figures, Mr. Auditt approached the engrossing question of the call. It had been the opinion of his colleagues and himself that a call was imperative; that it was eminently advisable, moreover, in the interests of the shareholders themselves, as the only means of avoiding wholesale sacrifice of assets which, with time and care, might realize the full value they stood for in the

Company's books. He need hardly say it had been their earnest desire to press as lightly on the contributories as practicable, but mature deliberation had forced them to the conclusion that 6*l.* per share was the lowest figure which would meet the exigencies of the occasion. If payments were prompt and general, he would venture to hazard a personal opinion — it must be distinctly understood he committed himself to nothing further — that the shareholders might dismiss from their minds any apprehensions of further liability.

Mr. Audit resuming his seat was the signal for a score of excited orators bounding to their feet. For three-quarters of an hour there was nothing but abuse, lamentation, and recrimination, varied by questions where the general ignorance of business evinced by the querists was only surpassed by the special innocence of facts exhibited by the professional respondents. At last Lord Rushbrook seized the ears of the meeting. His Lordship reminded them that on the last occasion on which he had had the honour of addressing them, he had failed in an attempt to persuade them that a motion urged by a reverend gentleman, — he was happy to see him present, — had been ill-advised and wholly uncalled for. He believed, in fact, he had even ventured to denounce it as a gross and gratuitous insult to his near relative, their late Governor, who, he was glad to say, was also with them upon this occasion to speak for himself. The motion of submitting the conduct, and consequent liability, of Mr. Childersleigh for the opinion of council had been carried, and it would be satisfactory to himself, and doubtless to the shareholders, to learn its result from the reverend gentleman, who had been chairman of the committee he had moved for. If that opinion were of the tenor he had been given to understand it was, he was quite sure no one would rejoice more at the opportunity of proclaiming it than the reverend gentleman himself. Dr. Silke Reynardson's own professions must have convinced them that, next to Mr. Childersleigh and Mr. Childersleigh's immediate friends, he had suffered more intensely than any one from the language only an imperative sense of duty could have driven him to employ, and that he would feel a pleasure equally intense in availing himself of this public opportunity of retracting it.

If Dr. Reynardson felt the pleasure his lordship credited him with, he must have had his countenance in better command than his tongue; certainly none of the numerous gentlemen who turned to regard him sus-

pected anything of it. Amid shouts of "Hear, hear!" "Reynardson!" "Dr. Reynardson!" he deliberately raised himself to his legs. Although the Doctor had an impetuous — not to say evil — temper, one which had been so constant a snare to him, that at last he had come to let it trip him up when it pleased with the passive resignation of a martyr, yet he was largely gifted with intelligence and common sense. He was conscious his philippic on the former occasion had hurt himself much more than Childersleigh, and, so far, he sincerely regretted it. Besides, no man had a more religious respect for dignitaries, and he repented having invited the thrusts and enmity of a man in the position of Rushbrook. But, then, he had seen the fruits of a life-time consecrated to sacred eloquence and good works, all swamped in the Crédit Foncier, and he was profoundly moved against those who had robbed him of his painfully-garnered stores. So it was with curiously blended feelings he rose to address the meeting; a straw would have turned the torrent of his words one way or the other. He laboured, moreover, under a sense of awkwardness, from which lashing himself into a passion appeared the readiest means of extraction. Standing in that shattered temple of Mammon, the sinner was in the ascendant for the time, and the chances were he would sorely buffet the saint, and leave him with ample matter for repentance.

His lordship only did him justice, said Dr. Reynardson, in giving him credit for having suffered more keenly than any of his listeners while he discharged the most painful duty he had ever been driven to. Whereupon even Childersleigh smiled, while as for Rushbrook, when he composed himself comfortably for the expected treat, his face expressed appreciation, amounting to enjoyment. Other gentlemen looked or whispered in a similar sense; and Dr. Reynardson, feeling that in his noble nature he had soared high above the sympathies of his audience, came tumbling back to the earth, and cast himself savagely into the clutches of the powers of passion and evil.

But his lordship was egregiously in error, he proceeded, in assuming it to be his desire or intention to retract one word he had uttered then. His words had been too conscientiously weighed to be lightly withdrawn. On a single point he had erred, and he was not ashamed to confess it. He was a clergyman, and no lawyer, untrained to split hairs and catch at words, to sever equity from justice, and separate the laws of conscience and morals from those of St. Stephen's and the statue-book. It was his

desire to revere the law and respect its interpreters, and he had fondly trusted that for flagrant wrong the law had fitting remedy. That illusion was dispelled. In the interest of the widow and the orphan, of the desolate hearth and the shivered roof-tree, he had urged that Mr. Childersleigh's clear moral responsibility — ay, he repeated it boldly to his face, as he had said it honestly behind his back — that Mr. Childersleigh's moral liability should be enforced by the machinery of justice. If that machinery were not radically defective, it had lamentably broken down. The counsel they had consulted — eminent, he believed, they were considered — had given it as their opinion that the late Governor, sheltered behind a rampart of technicalities, might enjoy as best he could the riches he had filched.

" May I ask the rev. gentleman if he quotes the precise language of the opinion ? " interposed Rushbrook. " Or if it is brief, as I am given to understand it is, perhaps he will forgive me if I request him to read it."

The rev. gentleman seemed strangely loth to gratify this reasonable request, but the feeling of the meeting was unmistakable. The opinion, signed by her Majesty's Solicitor-General and a learned brother, was clear and concise : " On the statement submitted, we are of opinion that no action whatever can lie against Mr. Childersleigh."

" I have to apologize sincerely for having troubled the rev. gentleman," resumed Lord Rushbrook, blandly ; " his singularly candid rendering of the sense and scope of the document in question ought to have satisfied me."

" To return to where I broke off when the noble lord interrupted me," resumed Dr. Reynardson in some confusion, and with a look of poison. " I was referring to the wealth his honourable relative, the Chairman, had gathered in our service, I will not say from our pockets, although the system of commission by which he enriched himself seems to me little better than legalized pilfering. I am satisfied to waive all allusion to the colourable suspicions engendered by his close friendship with our worthy Manager, although they are entertained, as I have reason to know, by many of the most intelligent of our body. I will content myself with asking whether your verdict endorses that of the lawyers, — whether it argues unblemished honour, or does not rather imply some slight degree of moral turpitude, when a man founds a Company like this, courts public confidence

to it by representations strangely belied by results, transforms himself in two brief years from a pauper to a millionaire, and finally slips like a rat from the house he has too good reason to know is falling. Gentlemen, it would appear that we cannot drag our Governor to the bar of justice, or invoke the civil power to compel him to the surrender of his gains. Yet something we can do — we can force him before that tribunal of social opinion, which holds the issues of life or death for men like him. We can poison the enjoyment of his wealth which has been to him swelled by the mites of the widow, steeped in the tears of the orphan ; and I, for one, solemnly pledge myself to uplift my humble testimony in my lowly sphere until trials and sorrows shall stifle my feeble accents."

In one way or another, the clergyman's peroration brought down the house. There were indignant utterances indeed, but they were rare, and while a good many of his auditors sat silent and doubtful, a great number applauded vociferously. Some of the more sensitive had dissolved in tears, and regarded Rushbrook, who was evidently in a most enviable state of enjoyment, as a mocking Mephistopheles.

Dr. Reynardson had thrown down the glove, and Hugh hastened to take it up. The violent personal attack had given him the opportunity for personal explanation ; he felt his advantage and meant to use it. The champion of the sufferers had hit hard, yet the spirit of fair-play was general enough to assure him a more patient hearing than he could otherwise have hoped for, and the mass of the audience forgot, for a moment, the disagreeables of their situation in the interest always excited by a fair stand-up fight. As Hugh rose before him, with head slightly thrown back, and kindling eye that swept the room, the Doctor was troubled by some inward qualms, and glanced uneasily from the Governor to the reporters. He knew he had laid himself terribly open.

So far as his fears went of having violence met with violence, and personalities retorted with personal sarcasm, he might have spared them. If Hugh was tempted he refrained, although his reply was perhaps none the less telling for its studied moderation. Lightly touching on the tone, he thanked his assailant with dignity for the matter of the remarks which gave him an opening he had ardently longed for ; which cheered him with the hope of freeing his mind from the weight which had long oppressed it. He had laboured hard to deserve their good opinion, and the feeling

that he had lost it, however innocently, had been, he owned to them, very painful. He had suffered deeply from the knowledge that his profound sympathy with their misfortunes was suspected, that there were circumstances that gave some faint colour to the dishonouring accusations that had been launched at him. Of these, Dr. Reynardson had no doubt conscientiously made himself the exponent, and he repeated he had reason to be grateful to him. The expressions of dissent elicited by so many passages of Dr. Reynardson's speech had assured him he could still count on friends among those he had the pleasure of knowing neither by sight nor name; that there were members of their body who still refused to believe he would lightly stain a stainless name or belie the conduct of a lifetime. In consenting to defend himself he felt something of the humiliation of pleading guilty, but he would pray of them to suspend, as a body, the judgment some of them might have hastily passed; to strive to imagine that the relation which had once existed between them was yet unchanged, to let him believe them still his friends, while he addressed them with perfect candour. If they condemned him when they had heard him to an end, he could not say he would bow to their sentence, but, acquitted by his conscience, he would bear it as best he might.

He would ask them, to begin with, was there a conceivable motive for his risking himself in questionable transactions? He had made a large fortune by their Company; he was wealthy still; and, as he was unbosoming himself, he would tell them he could look forward with reasonable certainty to inheriting a great succession in a few weeks' time. (Here there was a general murmur, and even Hugh's friends looked blank. He had been candid with a vengeance, and now actually touched on the very point that had stirred the bitterest animosity.) "I have alluded advisedly to the subject of the money I have gained by you, and intend, with your permission, to return to it; in the meantime let me defend the means by which I have made and kept it."

Then he took up charge after charge with a detail into which we shall not follow him; but, although he spoke not unsuccessfully to their reason, their hearts were effectually closed to him by the wealth he acknowledged to have saved from the common wreck.

He went on: "You have discovered, gentlemen, that the system of remuneration by commission was a mistake, and my share of it an exorbitant one. Possibly;

yet let me remind you that it was you who ratified the one and the other, and let me assure you, laying my hand on my heart, that self-interest, if I know myself, never influenced me in any of the transactions I arranged on your behalf. The highest legal authorities have told you in the plainest terms, that what I have gained I gained honestly." (Murmurs and expressions of dissent.) "Gentlemen, I claim a patient hearing as a right, and I am assured you will not deny it. They have decided it was gained honestly, and for myself I will venture to add honourably, as well. In brief, gentlemen, the sole points on which I am disposed to reproach myself arise from my connection with our defaulting Manager. That connection, from first to last, was a purely business one. Yet, while I distinctly repudiate any responsibility for that unhappy man, I do feel that in the eyes of the public our connection may well have appeared closer than it was; that such reputation as I possessed may have plausibly been made to stand guarantee for his. Lately, indeed, I had to a certain extent withdrawn my confidence from him, and done my best to limit his exercise of power; but in that, I must add, I was guided merely by suspicion which might well have been prejudice, and I was in possession of no tangible facts which would have justified me in bringing the matter officially before your Board. Still, enlightened after the events and after the unfortunate chances which prolonged my absence, and although a Chairman, with an able body of coadjutors and an efficient staff of subordinates, might well consider a few days of relaxation fairly earned by months of painfully assiduous application; still, I say, enlightened after the event, I shall never cease to reproach myself with that absence as the indirect cause of the ruin of a noble business. Upon my heart and conscience that I hold to be the head and front of my offending, and for that I stand here willing to make the extreme compensation the law could have exacted of me had I been criminal ten times over. I cannot absolutely promise to spare you entirely the painful necessity of a call, for my means may be scarcely equal to my will. But what I can do I will, and I intimate my intention of sealing my unwavering devotion to your interests by an immediate transfer to your liquidators of my entire property real and personal. With the exception of family pictures, and a few heirlooms I shall beg permission to select, I pledge myself the cession shall be absolute. And now, gentlemen, may I express a hope

that we part on terms at least as friendly as those on which we began our unfortunate acquaintance, and may I take leave of the Crédit Foncier in the belief that I have convinced you of the integrity of my conduct and the purity of my motives?"

So thoroughly was the meeting stunned by the startling climax of the Governor's speech that, for a space, they sat gaping on him and each other open-mouthed, as if questioning whether their ears had played them false. Then their feelings vented themselves in Protean variety of form. There was cheering and waving of hats, pounding of feet and umbrella-ferules, weeping, blessing, praying, and swearing that the Governor was something greater than the divinity they had always taken him for. The perforation of Hugh's speech was well worth that of Dr. Reynardson. Some of the more suspicious and saturnine shook their heads; they would greatly like to see the deeds executed that should give effect to the eloquent orator's intentions; to be persuaded of the existence of the property he so generously transferred; and although his speech had otherwise sounded rational enough, they were much inclined to share Lord Hestercombe's doubts as to his sanity. Rushbrook and McAlpine seized him by either arm and dinned remonstrances into his ears. "Too late, altogether too late, my good fellows," was the reply; "and don't forget I gave you an opportunity of arguing me out of my intention."

"A wilful man will have his way," moaned McAlpine, feeling he might just as well attempt to move the pillar behind him, and acknowledging, moreover, that Hugh was irretrievably committed by his speech. "But you must let your friends do what they can for you in spite of yourself;" and with that he sprang to his feet and addressed a stirring appeal to the meeting. Mr. Childersleigh had taken a course of absolutely unparalleled generosity, and beggared himself—yes beggared himself—in obedience to the dictates of an over-sensitive honour, and, in answer to reproaches which his conscience told him were utterly unjust. Were they to take a paltry advantage of him, and clutch at the uttermost farthing he offered? He pled earnestly for the old place that had been in the Childersleigh family for centuries. Mortgaged as it was, the difference would be little to them although immense to the owner; and he concluded with a motion that it, at least, should be left him. Hugh would have risen again, but his friends almost angrily insisted he was out of court in the matter, and literally forced him to keep his seat—

perhaps not sorry at heart to think he might be spared the worst of the sacrifice.

But Dr. Silke Reynardson stood before them again. With heartfelt satisfaction he had listened to the speech of a man he was proud again to entitle his honourable friend, and, imitating Mr. Childersleigh's frankness, he begged to retract every word that, under erroneous impressions, he had felt it his duty to utter to his disparagement. As they had seen in the generous nobility of his nature, Mr. Childersleigh had been obviously eager to disclaim the well-intentioned but—he would say it—the most ill-advised interference of his colleague, Mr. McAlpine. He would venture to interpret Mr. Childersleigh's mind, and implore of them, in Mr. Childersleigh's name, not to dim the lustre of a grand sacrifice. Mr. Childersleigh had freely offered them his family place, and for Mr. Childersleigh's own sake, he would entreat of them as freely to accept it. (Cries of "No, no,"—"hear, hear.") He was sure they could not misjudge his motives, and he would recall to them the statement of Mr. McAlpine that the estate was so heavily burdened as to reduce its value to a minimum—a reason the more, he must remark in passing, for hesitating to impose on Mr. Childersleigh the costly burden of maintaining it. (Expressions of dissent and disapprobation.) But one other word, and he had done. If he were rightly informed of circumstances only known to him by hearsay, Mr. Childersleigh might be entitled in a few weeks to claim a valuable property upon certain conditions. Might he put it to Mr. Childersleigh whether, in the interest of the shareholders, he would not see it his duty to make good his claim to that property previous to executing to them a transfer of the whole? (An emphatic "No" from Mr. Childersleigh.) Then he would not press that delicate point, but he would conclude with an amendment to Mr. McAlpine's motion—"That this meeting accept with cordial gratitude the liberal proposals of their late Governor, and desire to enter on their minutes an expression of their profound esteem for his character and conduct."

Rushbrook was whetting the razors of his sarcasm when McAlpine stopped him.

"Trust me, the best way of disposing of that is to leave it to the vote; better they should condemn that scoundrel Reynardson than you. I see, Budger seconds him—and just like him; but they'll scarcely find a third man to go along with them."

The worthy chieftain had hardly calculated on the feelings of impoverished share-

holders dreading a farther drain on their pockets, voting practically anonymously *en bloc*, and encouraging themselves by mutual example and kindred sentiment. The show of hands was clearly in favour of the amendment, as the liquidator reluctantly announced. McAlpine impetuously demanded a vote, but there Childersleigh insisted on interfering. He regretted much the proposal had ever been suggested to the meeting — at least, he would not stoop to have it pressed on them.

"What did I say to you about pearls and swine?" exclaimed Rushbrook as they left together. "Oh, Hugh, Hugh! are you not ashamed of your selfish avarice in sticking by your family pictures? They deserve everything you can give them, poor grateful souls! Well, you are a maniac, assuredly; but I will say you are a fine fellow all the same."

McAlpine said nothing at all. To his practical common sense the action seemed even more portentously absurd than to the more reckless Rushbrook.

As to Hugh, with a strange mixture of melancholy and content, keenly alive to all he had given up, and still wavering in faith as to what it might do for him, he drove off to the society of Lucy.

Next morning he woke with the world before him, but with the companion he had secured for the journey, he almost enjoyed the prospect of his coming travels. "I had hoped to have seen her rich, but at least I can make her happy, and, as for a competency, fair play and a few years will give her that. Perhaps, who knows, we may build a Childersleigh elsewhere, carry our Lares with us, and hang the pictures of the Childersleighs on other walls." And like a hound rousing himself for the chase, he stretched and shook himself mentally in the glad consciousness of his strength, and only longed to be slipped on the work. "In the last few weeks I have found some friends I shall be sorry to part from," he went on to himself; "but after all, I suppose it is the nature of things that love should swallow friendship. I take my world where I go, even if friends and Childersleigh remain behind."

He had seated himself at breakfast, when the door was thrown open and Mr. Barrington announced. Mr. Barrington came forward with both hands extended, and took Hugh's cordially in his own. "I came here twice last night to no purpose, so I determined to make sure of you this morning. Well, you look pretty comfortable, I must say; the events of yesterday don't seem to have put you much out."

"Why should they? If you may have to rough it soon on half rations, it is surely a reason for making yourself comfortable while you may. So you have heard of the folly I perpetrated."

"Heard of it! I should think so, indeed. The world has been talking of nothing else. For the matter of that, there are leaders on you in half the morning papers; so my man told me while I was dressing; and what else do you imagine brought me here at this hour?"

"I can't say. It would have been an excellent reason for most people staying away."

"You don't mean that for me, Childersleigh?" asked Barrington, reproachfully.

"Of course not," returned Hugh, hastily; "as I may very soon take means of proving to you. God knows I ought to have learned to understand you by this time. But what are they saying about me? — not that it much signifies."

"Put you on the back without an exception. I do believe you are more the fashion than ever. One would fancy all the world capable of doing the same thing, your generosity is so universally appreciated. I don't so much wonder at my chiming in with the rest, for you spoiled me for life when you saved me with that good deed of yours at Homburg."

"An old story now, and little worth repeating at best."

"I, at least, am never likely to forget it, although it is not much in my way to talk of things of the kind. But I tell you, Hugh, when this latest one gets from the clubs to the drawing-room, when the women hear it from the men, you will be positively the rage. If your arrangements had not been made elsewhere, you might have picked and chosen among heiresses."

"I've done with drawing-rooms, and if my arrangements had been still to make, my crotchetts would never have awoke the enthusiasm of the fair sex. What I gave up to the Crédit Foncier yesterday was really my wedding present to my wife, made at her own request."

"She is a girl in a thousand, I do believe, and, upon my word, when all is said and done, I'm almost inclined to call you a lucky man. Evil communications, you know, and assuredly you must have demoralized me. But we have discussed our money matters before now, Hugh; and you will forgive my asking how you mean to live."

"A question I have asked myself often, you may be quite sure. Perhaps it would have been more strictly just had I shown

yesterday less of what people call generosity. But if I had kept anything back, charitable tongues would have swelled tens to thousands; and I fear, as far as my good name went, the sacrifice would have been thrown away. I desired to crush not crippled the wasps that were stinging me."

"Yes, you showed your usual good sense there, even when for once you did a foolish thing; and then, doubtless, you remembered—I should be greatly cut up if you had not—that George Barrington was rich, and his fortune as much yours as his—eh, Hugh?"

"Not exactly that, Barrington; but I assure you I felt I had friends I could count upon, and I neither contemplated giving up Lucy nor marrying her to starvation. I would sooner come to you and Rushbrook for a thousand or two, than leave my honour at the mercy of the men I parted from yesterday for ever. Nor should I borrow quite as a beggar after all; my Holbeins and Vandykes mean the thousand or two, and something more—a security to my friends, while I live—a provision for my wife if I die."

"Upon my word, Childersleigh, for a man capable of such romantic actions, you have the queerest ideas of friendship. Had that loan you forced on me at Homburg escaped your memory altogether, and the language with which you pressed it? Unless you mean our friendship to die a sudden death—and then the murder lie at your door, I wash my hands of it—unless you mean that, I say, pledge yourself forthwith to come to me, and to no one else. Very likely Rushbrook would be glad enough, but then Rushbrook is always hard up, and would probably have to borrow. Now, thanks to you, I have a balance at my banker's I don't know how to invest, and I owe you that and a great deal more. And one thing more I have to say—when you do come to bank with me, it shall be on condition you give yourself a fair chance, and don't spoil this new voyage of yours by starving the stores. For Miss Winter's sake you must act liberally by me. But of course you will. You can't seriously mean to hurt my feelings. Come, Hugh, say it's a bargain, and offer me some breakfast; for let me tell you it is no light proof of friendship, turning out at this most unchristian hour."

"On my word, Barrington, it's almost worth losing a fortune to find such friends," exclaimed Hugh, stretching out his hand.

"I'm not quite so sure about that. At least, for my own part, I should rather make the discovery cheaper," returned

Barrington; "but now that matter is disposed of, I'll trouble you for a cup of coffee."

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII

##### MARRIAGE, LOVE, AND LEAVE-TAKING.

AFTER his violent divorce from all that had engrossed him in the most eventful years of his life; after his return from the City, infinitely more naked than he had entered it; after the wrench that tore his heartstrings from the remains of his paternal acres, Hugh had looked for consolation with Lucy. He was married now, and had seated himself by a domestic hearth, when it was become matter of grave speculation how he was to keep in the fire. He had no idea of hanging on in his altered circumstances to shiver through an English winter of discontent. He found his susceptibilities jar him at each step he took, for after all he was a mere mortal, and not a hero of romance. The people he had lived with had plied him with insidious flattery, yielding him insensible deference as to a consummate man of their world. It fretted his philosophy to find himself regarded distrustfully as a brilliant maniac, whose eccentricities it was impossible to count on; as a vagrant from exalted spheres, of essence too refined for earth, harried along by caprice or conscience in most erratic orbits. He had moods when the old leaven fermented, and he sneered at himself from force of habit, as at a child rapt up in its latest toy while all around it went to wrack and ruin. But these moods were few and brief. Generally he recognized that it was only now he had gained firm standing-ground for an earnest start. If his present position were embarrassing, he was but paying the inevitable penalty of early errors.

He had found but little difficulty in wooing Lucy to an early wedding-day. Never had courtship been more flattering, for each word and act of her lover's told her he left his fate and happiness in her hands. She had turned the current of his life, and stirred his nature to its depths. He had proved the strength of their sympathies, by submitting his convictions to her influences, and deliberately laying his most cherished project at her feet. Of course when Hugh decided to sacrifice wealth and ambition, Lucy went into scarcely smothered transports over their narrow means and doubtful future. The haze that hung over their destinies was the choicest sweet in the cup that Providence was filling to the brim.

The wedding had been as private as

might be. The Childersleighs, the Hestercombes, McAlpine, and Barrington,—the guests. The sombre dress and subdued demeanour of those who stood nearest to the bride were not inappropriate to the crowning of a love whose course had flowed by shoals and shocks,—the better omen, as Hugh whispered to his bride, that the broken waters would run smooth at last.

Worn in mind and body, Sir Basil was there to give the bride away. The quivering lip and starting tear showed how keenly he felt the parting. As Lucy's eyes filled in sympathy, she would have reproached herself for her desertion, but when she looked on her husband, she remembered the claims he had bought so dearly. Sir Basil would have made handsome provision for one he had come to cherish as a daughter, but Hugh would hear nothing of it. He was hopeful of a speedy competency, and, in the passion of his independence, shrunk from laying himself or his wife under unnecessary obligations. Perhaps he might have thought it graceful to admit Sir Basil's paternal claims, and let him act in the matter as he pleased. But he had reason to know that "Childersleigh" had felt the panic; and Purkiss, who had been beggared by it, so far as his private means went, took care to put his father's proposals in so pleasant a light, that acceptance became out of the question. It was but too easy to parry them, for Sir Basil's mind had been weakened past insistence on anything. At Maude's instigation, he was content to vent his affection characteristically in a long series of cheques; and Mrs. Childersleigh's trousseau was much better suited to her position as her position might have been, than as it was.

Lord Hestercombe's first movement had been indignation at the crowning folly which had sealed the surrender of Childersleigh by marriage with a beggar, when an heiress had become indispensable. But second thoughts, and the practical logic of Rushbrook, had brought his lordship to regard his nephew's conduct from a more chivalrous point of view. He dared not counsel the man who had given up all to honour to break his plighted word, because it was passed to a penniless orphan. That position once taken up, he behaved with cordiality and delicacy, and claimed the right of a near relative to act with the magnificence of a grand seigneur. His daughter volunteered to be twin-bridesmaid with Maude. The jewels presented by himself and the countess were so priceless, so sparklingly unsuited to the wife of an emigrant, that they ruffled Hugh's over-sensitive

susceptibilities. He could regard them as nothing but an alms bestowed on the destitute.

For Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh proposed to reconstruct their fortunes in Queensland. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Tanjore* was to sail from Southampton on September 28th— as it chanced, the very morrow of the day appointed for the opening of THE WILL. Before they sailed, if they cared to hear it, they would learn the destiny of the money that had been Hugh's first love and Lucy's rival.

Hugh had been thoroughly off with that old love before taking up with the new one. With the property he had lately called his own, he had shifted his business cares on to the shoulders of the liquidators of the Crédit Foncier. Anticipating abdication, he had made over to Mr. Rivington the house in Harley Street. He had carried his bride to honeymoon it in one of those old-fashioned hostels that still shelter in wooded nooks by the banks of the Thames, peaceful and rural still, in spite of excursionists by rail, and the rowing rowdyism of the river. An hostelry with deep thatched eaves, quaint casements, and eccentric gables, close-clipped hedges, and short-shaven lawns ablaze with scarlet geraniums. Thence he made those dashes to the City in search of an emigrant's paraphernalia, that sent him back with redoubled zest to their Arcadia, to their strolls through furze and heather, and their saunters in fragrant woodlands; to the lazy paddling up long reaches of the river, and the floating back in a golden haze of love and dreams.

One thing weighed upon him, and that was the inevitable farewell to Childersleigh. There the past seemed to have buried its dead out of sight, and he shrank from wakening slumbering memory with her thousand stings. But there are bitter duties that are pleasures in their way, and leave-takings it would be sacrilegious to neglect; and one bright morning saw Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh on the garden-terrace by the old yew hedge.

On just such a morning by that very path he had approached his home the memorable day of the funeral. Then, for the first time, he had looked on his place as really his own, now it was gone from him for ever; all the interest he reserved in it was vain regrets and melancholy associations. The house, with its down-drawn blinds, seemed in mourning now as then, and its cheerless face was reflecting the depression on its late master's. The unlucky Marxby had passed with the multitude into the insolvent court. Pressed by shareholders eager to escape a

call, the liquidators had forced the sale, and Childersleigh had been knocked down to a West End solicitor at the very moderate upset price — given him in a gift, that gentleman triumphantly observed, when the bargain was fairly closed. In the fulness of his self-gratulation he had made an off-hand offer to take furniture, fittings, &c., at a reasonable valuation, an offer promptly closed with for reasons akin to those that had sacrificed the place.

Patterson, warned beforehand, was in waiting to do the dismal honours, with a heart in sad harmony with the occasion, and a visage more melancholy than Childersleigh's own. The old man had no love-dreams to comfort him in his sorrow, and although the new purchaser had assured him his services would not be dispensed with, the light of his life seemed to be going out in darkness. His garrulosity was hushed, and inclination as much as natural delicacy kept him in the background. A self-posted patrol, he hovered round his master in the distance, to see that no profane stranger intruded on the leave-taking.

What a heaven earth would be could we always appreciate all we have as keenly as we do when on the point of losing it. Childersleigh Park lay flooded in the mellow lights of late summer. The scent-laden breeze breathing from the flowers was stirring the masses of foliage in waving lines of beauty; the shadows of golden boughs were dancing on the turf below to the drowsy hum of the bees. Everything animate and inanimate seemed so thoroughly at home in the enjoyment of its existence, from the sheep that grouped themselves lazily in the elm-shade to the jackdaws that clambered among the fantastic stacks of chimneys. Hugh envied the very swallows that dipped in the rippling water. They were going abroad like him, but, unlike him, they at least would be there again the succeeding summer.

It was a relief to take refuge from the laughing beauty without doors, in the black hall and long dark-panelled corridors where the sunlight filtered so dimly through stained window-panes or heavy blinds. But as his eyes accustomed themselves to the obscurity, they lighted at every turn on objects that riveted them with painful fascination. Not a table nor chair, but had its story to tell; claims of its own to put in for a parting pang. Remembering he looked his last on them all, in room after room, he stood lingering upon the threshold.

Her eyes timidly following her husband's, guiltily avoiding them when they turned her way, Lucy's heart was throbbing in painful sympathy with his. The crowding sensations that were grief to him were anguish to her. While all her being seemed unnaturally absorbed in his, for the first time since their marriage he moved utterly unconscious of her presence, and to the jealousy of her love the first shadow of a cloud seemed settling between them. Her self-reproach told her that in Childersleigh he might well feel resentfully to her, and for the moment she would have given the world to have recalled the past and influenced him differently. What right had she to set her childish impulses in opposition to the counsels of his sagest friends. She rested her trembling fingers in mute appeal on his arm. As he turned at the touch her doubts vanished, but only to leave her more bitterly self-reproachful than before.

"Forgive me, Hugh; but, indeed, I fancied I had guessed the sacrifices I longed to share with you."

"I swear to you, darling, much as I feel them, I never regretted them less than now. While I am tasting the bitters of your teachings, I know that the sweets are all to come. It might have been the other way, but what then? Better go to honourable exile than live on here in ceaseless remorse — or, worse still, dishonourable unconsciousness. And then," he said, with an unclouded smile as he took her in his arms, "you can't have everything in this world; and, heaven knows, although we leave Childersleigh behind, I carry with me more than my share of Paradise."

When Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh emerged on the gravel, Patterson was hurt and scandalized at their smiling faces. Hugh, in his awkward consciousness that cheerfulness must seem singularly out of place just then, humbly strove to deprecate the old man's indignation. He did not, indeed, enter precisely into detailed explanation. But Patterson, under his impenetrable rind, had the shrewdness and some of the susceptibility of his nation; and, looking at the flush on the downcast face of the bride, something like the bleak smile of a November sun flickered over his own sorrowful features.

"Deed but she's bonny," he muttered, *sotto voce*, as if the words had been inspired by conscience rather than sentiment. "Gin there were mair lassies like her there would maybe be mair fules than Mr. Hugh."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

"RADLEY'S."

THERE are hotels where the same roof-tree covers the house of mourning and the house of mirth; where, as in the scene in *Rigoletto*, a thin partition separates the corpse from the carnival; where sighs answer to laughter, and the dirge blends with the joyous refrain. The old "Falcon" at Gravesend was one of them, with the venerable panes in its bow-windows scribbled over with memorial names—panes through which so many streaming eyes have watched the sea-bound Indiamen melting into the river fogs. "Radley's" at Southampton is another; and houses, perhaps, in the course of the year as many aching hearts as any city poor-house or hospital. In proportion even to its ample accommodations, it contained a most disproportionate amount of sorrow the night before the *Tanjore* was to sail for Alexandria. There were Rachels being rent of their children, who utterly refused to be comforted, and lifted up their voices till the passages echoed to their wails. There were children being orphaned, and fathers leaving all they cared for behind them, going to boil the family pot in sad solitude in the scorching tropics. Lucy Childersleigh, as she met upon the stairs close-veiled figures clinging convulsively to the arms of sad-eyed men, and pale-faced mothers looking wistfully after laughing children they were seeing the last of for years if not for ever, became very melancholy, with a grateful sense of subdued contentment. As for Hugh, with the greater selfishness and callousness of men, he could hardly keep down that rising buoyancy of spirits which made Lucy so ready with her smiles when she felt tears would have been more in place. He had all but broken with the painful past, and was emerging at length from the night of uncertainty he had so long been groping in. Already he breathed the free air of the ocean, and raised his eyes towards the limitless horizon that stretched before them. To see them doing the honours at their late dinner when the meal was drawing to a close, you would never have taken them for a couple of poverty-stricken adventurers, whose bark was on the shore and getting up her steam. McAlpine and Barrington, who had come to comfort and see the last of their friends, began to think they might quite as well have stayed in London. Like Patterson, indeed, they felt rather aggrieved at the serenity with which the others bore up against the coming separation.

"I tell you what it is, Hugh," grumbled

the former, "to look at you and Mrs. Childersleigh now, one would say you were pruning your feathers for the flight home again."

"Well, so we are, McAlpine. At least we must be gone before we can come back, and, moreover, after tossing about among uncertainties, one is much inclined to find a home in the first firm land you set your foot on. But you need not remind us of the friends we leave behind us; be sure we shall remember and regret them soon enough and often enough. And I don't forget your promise and Barrington's to come and look us up whenever we may have a roof to offer you, and the sooner the bitterness of parting is over the sooner we shall have our merry meeting."

"So we shall, Hugh, but in the meantime when I go north next week, there will seem to be less sunshine at Baragoil."

"Where you have little enough to spare, as Mrs. Childersleigh knows," remarked Barrington, striving to be cheerful. "As for coming to see you, Hugh, I never made a promise I meant more religiously to keep. I think I shall charter a steamer for the cruise to the antipodes. The Rushbrooks would join us, I know, but Lady Rushbrook to be won't leave Sir Basil. I tell her change of scene and sea air would set the old man on his legs again, and I verily believe we shall see the Killoden circle re-united in Queensland."

"Never complete again," murmured Lucy, while a deep shadow fell on her husband's features.

Barrington bit his lip, and cursed his stupidity, and blundered on with good-natured presence of mind—

"No, Purkiss, I fear, will not be there, but that we must bear as we best can. He keeps his own secrets, and Sir Basil never meddles with business now-a-days, but by all accounts he will find it hard work to pull things round at 'Childersleigh's'."

"I'm greatly afraid the destination of Miss Childersleigh's money is likely to concern him as little as us. Poor Purkiss! I don't know any one who would have valued it more, but the language of her will and the amount of his legacy do not make me very hopeful for him."

"Queer, you should be talking it over this way, Hugh," remarked McAlpine, "as if you, of all men, had no concern in the matter."

"That is precisely how it is. The one thing I am sure of is, that none of it comes to me. Any one else may hope, even Lucy there."

"So she may, to be sure," murmured McAlpine, meditatively. "And why should not the old lady have put her in? She had adopted her, as you all thought. She saw far more of her than any one else."

"An excellent reason why she should not," returned Hugh, laughingly. "Look at the opportunities she gave herself of appreciating me, and see what has come of them. Besides, Mr. Hooker had his finger in that pie — of that I am very certain."

"Very likely — little doubt of that," assented McAlpine, relapsing into silence and profound reflection, as if he had found the end of a clue in his fingers, and was setting himself to disentangle it.

"What, tea already!" ejaculated Hugh, consulting his watch as the door was thrown open.

"Lord Rivington — Mr. Rivington," announced the waiter, bending himself double, with the handle in his hand.

"By Jove, I said so!" exclaimed McAlpine. He had only thought it.

Hugh himself turned slightly pale, and although he did stand up, forgot all about welcoming the arrivals, an omission which his wife, in blushing embarrassment, set herself to repair.

"Thank you, Mrs. Childersleigh, as Hugh has nothing to say for himself; but the truth is, as Rivington found himself obliged to see you, on some pressing business, before you sailed, I thought I might as well have another look at you too." Rushbrook, who seemed unusually excited, paused, and then burst out, "Oh, nonsense, it's no use beating about the bush — joy never hurts — Hugh half guesses it, and McAlpine knows it all. Besides, you are both at one in your contempt for riches, as in most other things, and here I am pushing myself forward where I have no business whatever, and taking the words out of Rivington's mouth."

"Well," said Mr. Rivington, "I won't deny myself the satisfaction of making an announcement, which has given me no ordinary pleasure, although, as Lord Rushbrook says, I see you more than half anticipate it. I have to congratulate Mr. Childersleigh then in being even more fortunate than he believed himself, in having married a lady nearly as richly dowered with worldly wealth as with all other gifts."

"You mean to say —?"

"That Mrs. Childersleigh inherits everything — some 160,000*l.* in round figures — the house in Harley Street, furniture, plate, and family jewels."

Lucy made a movement, as if then and there she would have thrown herself into

her husband's arms, symbolically vesting him with all her newly-acquired goods and chattels; checked it; looked the proposed transfer, and hurried from the room. Her husband threw himself back in a chair. It was not the weight of the money he succumbed to; what stunned him was this sudden upset of all his carefully elaborated plans.

"A rich man in spite of yourself, although you made such an undeniable pauper," observed Rushbrook, "and very hard it is upon you, I must say. Fortune never will give you a chance."

"You've taken your wife for better for worse, you see," chimed in McAlpine. "You can't well help yourself; and, after all, you must remember she didn't mean it, so you had better go and make it up with her."

Hugh took advantage of the thoughtful opening, and, with a brief apology, followed his bride.

"Which fully accounts for all Mr. Hooker's and Mr. Hemprigge's attentions to Miss Winter," remarked McAlpine, as Hugh left the room. "Yet, do you know, until some five minutes back, it never occurred to me which way the money was going."

"Precisely," said Rivington. "Hooker and that scamp of a son of his were in the secret all along, and at the bottom of the whole swindle. They would have done anything in the world for the orphan, assured beforehand that their charity would have its reward in this life."

"But why should Hemprigge have helped Hugh towards winning the money he meant for himself?"

"He was too clever by half, and did not give Hugh credit for being half so clever, I fancy," suggested Rushbrook. "He grasped at too much, and hoped Hugh might help him to one fortune while he won another in spite of him. To do him justice, he soon found out his mistake, and did his best to retrieve it. What proves Hooker knew all about it, is his keeping himself out of the way to-day; but you ought to have seen Purkiss Childersleigh."

"Why? I am sure he can never accuse Miss Childersleigh of not doing her best to prepare him against disappointment."

"So one would have imagined, but drowning men catch at straws, and I fear — I greatly fear — the partners of 'Childersleigh' are floundering in very deep water. Poor Sir Basil doesn't trouble his head much about it, but Purkiss, who was always thin, is shrivelling visibly into thread-paper. I watched him when Riving-

ton broke the seals, and he had to hold on by the arms of his chair; while the memorandum was being read, his jaw dropped, and his face turned to livid through half the colours of the rainbow. You would have called it a sudden spasm of cholera. But here comes supper—dinner—which you like, and very thoughtful it is of Hugh, for I never ordered it. When a fellow thinks of the happiness of others in a sudden flush of prosperity, why he deserves all he gets. Sit down, Rivington."

Hugh himself, the bearer of many apologies from his wife, came back to do the honors. If he had screwed up his resolution to contemplate the antipodes with positive pleasure, his mind flew naturally enough back to old habits of thought, when the heavy pressure that had borne on it was removed. Then he was given a fresh lease of those home friendships that had stood such fiery tests, and spared a fresh series of experiments on colonial human nature. Considering how honestly his heart had been set on the toil and adventures that awaited him, it was strange how little he regretted them. He resigned himself with complacency and good temper to extending himself once more on a bed of roses, and it only seemed the more tempting that the rose-leaves were strewed for him by the little hands of his wife.

"Upon my word, for a man so bent on emigration as you were yesterday, you bear up wonderfully," said Rushbrook; "for I don't suppose you intend to occupy cabin No. 7,—or whichever the number was—in the *Tanjore*?"

"No, I fancy we shall defer our visit to Queensland till Barrington gives us a passage out in his steam-yacht. And I am sorry for it. The *Tanjore* cabin was so snug, and the steward and stewardess tipped in advance. But I must say, now I dare to think of it, Hants and Surrey did look lovely to-day, and I don't know that I shall be sorry to see them again to-morrow. Heigho!" His face clouded slightly as he closed the sentence with a genuine sigh. The truth is, his thoughts had travelled back by the South-Western to Childersleigh, gone beyond recall. After all, the Childersleigh money had come too late. To him England could never again be all it might have been.

Did Barrington divine what was passing in his mind? Was he on the watch for certain symptoms, for certainly in general he was no very quick observer. At any rate, the others thought he might have spared their friend a painful subject when he said,—"Pity now you parted with your place

—eh, Childersleigh? I always told you you would repent that bit of Quixotry."

"At least you have the satisfaction of knowing yourself a true prophet," returned Childersleigh, impatiently.

"I said you would be sorry for it, and I was sure you would. But in those days Mrs. Childersleigh led you by the heart-strings, and there was no use arguing with you."

"Well, well," said Childersleigh, who had mastered his passing irritation; "If I was a fool to listen to foolish counsels, you must confess we have come off better than we deserved. As for Childersleigh, I own I would rather talk about anything else. It used to be a pleasant subject, but now——"

"You followed your own line," pursued Barrington, imperturbably, as if Hugh had never spoken, "and all your friends could do was to take theirs. You would not care to buy it back, would yo', if it came into the market by any chance?"

Hugh looked at him in silence. Joys are like sorrows, he thought, and you often flush them in coveys.

"Because if you did, I don't mind letting you have it for what I gave. You see I have one place in Norfolk already, and don't much care about another. The liquidators were in such a deuce of a hurry to sell, that I was tempted to sink my spare capital at Childersleigh, and they tell me I had it reasonably enough."

"You are not trifling with me, Barrington?"

"Not I, indeed. I should have prepared a dramatic surprise for you and Mrs. Childersleigh, when I had persuaded you to pay me a visit. But in the first place, I thought it was no use letting you fret yourself uselessly. God knows you have had bother enough lately. And then McAlpine, whom I took into the secret a few minutes ago, suggested there would be nothing original in it, that I should find the idea in *Waverley*. So Childersleigh is yours whenever you like, my dear fellow. You ought to find everything from the weathercocks to the doormats just as you left it, and if you choose to rough it on a scratch establishment, I see no reason why you should not go there to-morrow, and wind up your honymoon under the ancestral trees. Bless you, my dear fellow, I was convinced you would want the place sooner or later: it was only a question of time. I had hoped to have been out of pocket by the arrangement, but it is fated I shall never pay off that Homburg debt of mine with its compound interest. And now," said Barrington,

ton, concluding the longest and most successful speech he had ever made, " suppose we leave him to sleep on the events of the day. I'm afraid you are not quite out of your trouble yet, Hugh, and are in for a broken night after all you have gone through in the evening."

## CHAPTER XL.

## HOME AT LAST.

It was bright autumn, and all was life at Childersleigh. The house had cast off its weeds and put on the garments of gladness. The gravel was scored with wheels and dinted with hoof-marks, the stable-yard lumbered with dusty carriages, smoking horses and hissing grooms. The triumphal arches that spanned the gates of the park and church-yard had cost Patterson many a sleepless night, and Childersleigh some little vexation. The church-bells rang out those doleful merry peals that gave a tinge so sad to English merry-making. Without, the house was *en fete*; within, there was literally house-warming, for Mr. and Mrs. Childersleigh had come down to take formal possession of their home. Assuredly no one would have looked to see Lord Hestercombe staying calmly on the borders of the London postal district in October, or his son lingering in the metropolis while the cock pheasants were crowing peacefully in the Hestercombe coverts. But Rushbrook, resolved on matrimony, was not the man to stand loitering on the threshold of the temple of Hymen. Moreover, philosophically evoking good from evil, in the failing state of Maude's father's health, he had seen a golden chance of being married in rational fashion, without having his modesty shocked by the demonstrations with which, in normal circumstances, the heir of the Hestercombes would have been paraded before the altar. His own mind made up, he easily imposed his will on his father, for the Earl was haunted with the apprehension that his only son might slip back through his fingers to hopeless bachelorhood. Lady Hestercombe herself was made the intercessor with her destined daughter-in-law for advancing the day, for, in Sir Basil's state of health, Maude was absolutely her own mistress. Hugh backed her ladyship with all his interest and eloquence, so did Lucy; and when their joint entreaties had prevailed, it had been settled the wedding should be combined with the Childersleigh house-warming. The circle assembled there limited itself to our intimate friends, Lord Rushbrook joining it

for the day, although he nominally occupied his rooms at Hestercombe House.

Lord Hestercombe arrived in the course of the afternoon in a state of visible excitement, and took an early opportunity of claiming his nephew's services to do him the out-door honours of the place.

"I have not seen it since your father's time, except that evening when I ran down for the funeral. I should like to know that things have not changed much for the worse in your absence." And when he got his nephew out of earshot his lordship broke out: "You don't happen to have heard the news from Wurzelshire?"

"What news?"

"I thought not. I only chanced to hear it as I passed through the town. Poor Roper, who came in for the county when you declined, shot in the thigh at a battue at Worsley. Couldn't stop the bleeding; went off in a couple of hours."

"Ah!"

"Yes, most melancholy business; leaves a young widow and half-a-dozen children. So we must have a man in the field forthwith, and the address must be ready for the day after the funeral. The Liberals have been hard at work with the registration roll. I'm only afraid your refusing last time may have hurt you with Dunstanburgh."

"I really don't think it did. I don't fancy I spoiled any chance I may have with him."

"And this time you would stand if he were to repeat his offer?"

"Nothing in the world I should like better, now I am back at Childersleigh, and an idle man."

"Gad, I'll send off a special messenger to Dunstanburgh this very day before dinner. They told me at 'The Travellers' he was expected in town."

And in high good-humour his lordship passed his arm through his nephew's, built castles in the air and in Westminster, praised and admired everything he saw, and finally launched into the future of his son.

"I wish Rushbrook could be persuaded to try public life. I do wish your example would tempt him to that as well as to that other —"

"I fear it will not, but there's no saying. I am quite sure he would distinguish himself if he cared to try. Few men have sounder sense, and I can imagine no one more likely to be ready in debate. However, he is active by nature although idle by habit; and once married and settled may want a pursuit."

"I suppose marriage is the best thing that could happen to him?"

"No question of it. Rushbrook is just the sort of man that marriage is the making of, he wants an anchor to keep him from drifting. By the way, as it turns out, I fear Maude will have little more money than what she takes under her mother's settlements."

"We have married heiresses too often in our family that money should be an object with us now-a-days. The worst of it is, if one does go to the City, people will give you credit for finding a fortune there. My feeling is, that it is a pity, in the circumstances, Sir Basil does not retire in name as well as reality."

"Retiring is the one thing that would touch him now, and moreover, the new partners pay heavily for taking over the name of Childersleigh with the business. The difference it makes in the purchase-money may involve the present firm's escape from insolvency."

"Then what becomes of the son? I confess I dislike him infinitely more than anything else in the connection."

"I assure you I don't quarrel with your taste. Purkiss, I believe, remains in the house, ostensibly a partner, actually a cypher,—the new men are much too shrewd to trust his vaunted talents. And I don't envy his lot. What with the loss of fortune, occupation, and prospects, and the perpetual fret to his vanity, the bitterest enemy he has made might be content with his punishment. You may bear with him in the meantime, for if ever I read a man's future in his face, poor Purkiss will not trouble you long."

As the pair strolled towards the house in friendly chat, a servant hustled out to them with a letter for Mr. Childersleigh, marked "immediate." Hugh opened it with an apology to his uncle, and then passed it to him with a smile.

"So you were right about Dunstanburgh," exclaimed the peer, "and I confess nothing can be more handsome or flattering. If Dunstanburgh comes after you a second time, he believes you will do him credit, and I never knew him deceived in a man yet. You may possibly have to fight the seat this time, but there can be no rational doubt of our winning it, and as for the expenses, they must be my affair. Nay, no words about it. I gave into you about Rushbrook's wedding and your house-warming here, and I am quite determined to have my own way in this."

It was natural enough that Mr. Childersleigh's oldest friends should make a point

of offering him their congratulations on a day so auspicious. Nevertheless he was a little surprised when Mr. Hooker's name was brought him, as he was on the point of retiring to dress for dinner. "Send him up," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

And Mr. Hooker entered, his scrupulously brushed garments bagging on his wasted form, rubbing his hands nervously in the old fashion; his worn face plastered with greasy smiles, distrust and suspicion lurking in the corners of his lips and eyes, feeling the ground as he advanced into the room, like a Highland pony picking its steps among moss-hags.

"Oh, Mr. Childersleigh, that I should have been spared to see this happy day!"

"Thanks, Hooker," said Mr. Childersleigh, rather brusquely. "Well, now you may sing your *Nunc dimittis*—I mean you'd better go down and get some dinner before you go back to town."

"Oh, Mr. Childersleigh!"

"Never mind them now. I'll take the rest of your congratulations for granted."

"But, sir—Mr. Childersleigh—there may possibly be unfavourable impressions. I should be happy to take this opportunity—"

"I'll spare you the trouble of discussing my affairs. If you have anything to say about your own, say on."

"Well, Mr. Childersleigh, if, as an old servant of the family,—not that it was that brought me here, I need hardly say,—if I might venture to request your countenance and recommendation in the new profession I have been constrained to adopt in my old age—"

"Which is—?"

"One, perhaps, you may think not altogether suited to a man of my standing. But resignation is a Christian duty, and my necessities would not be denied. I can assure you, Mr. Childersleigh—"

"It is—?"

"Well, then, it's delicate inquiries, sir. Mr. Ferret, the eminent detective, of Cecil Street, retains my services on his staff; with a separate commission on any business I may be the means of introducing to the establishment. Should you, at any time, have occasion—"

"If I should take to underhand dealings at any time, I shall infallibly think of you. Good-evening."

"By the way," said Hugh to his guests, when the ladies had left the dinner-table—"by the way, I have just had a call from an old friend, come to beg me to advertise him." And he rehearsed his little dialogue with Mr. Hooker with much animation.

"The very best thing he could take to," observed Lord Rushbrook, "now that he has been stripped of every shred of the character he took such care of. He looks so respectable, and is such a thorough-paced scoundrel!"

"Suppose, Rushbrook, we set him agonizing with an engagement," observed McAlpine. "Retain him to hunt down that precious son of his. He is more likely to run into him than any one else, and just the man to do it, if you make it worth his while!"

"Ah, that reminds me!" exclaimed Barrington, who had arrived by a late train before dinner. "Will you allow me to ring for the evening paper, Hugh? There is something in it will interest you all, although it must deprive Mr. Hooker of the engagement you kindly intend him."

He took the paper from the servant, and read aloud —

"Horrible tragedy — Murder of an absconding Secretary. — By the latest journals from the Havannah, we learn the tragic end of the notorious Mr. Hemprigge. Hemprigge, it would appear, had taken his passage at Cadiz for Cuba. On board the Spanish mail-boat, the play at *monté* had been even deeper than usual, and heavy sums had changed hands, greatly to the advantage of the fortunate Englishman, who travelled under a *nom de voyage*. Arrived at the Havannah, it would seem Hemprigge had lingered on, giving his victims "their revenge," until whispers of foul play were followed by threats that, doubtless, reached his ears. Literally on the eve of his intended departure for Aspinwall, a stranger returning to the Fonda de l'Espana stumbled over his yet warm body almost on the threshold of the hotel. The unhappy man had been stabbed under the arm from behhind, and when picked up, life was extinct. As his watch and costly jewellery were found on his person, revenge was presumed to be the motive of the crime. The arrival shortly afterwards of the English detectives, who had followed him from London, led to an identification, subsequently placed beyond all question by documents discovered in his luggage."

There was general silence. Except Lord Hestercombe and Barrington himself, all of them had known Hemprigge personally,

and known him well. To Hugh it seemed but yesterday that he was loathing the dead man and longing to be rid of him on any terms. But now his thoughts flew back to the earlier days, when they had been allies and intimates, if not friends. In his unfeigned grief over the fate of his former acquaintance, he felt in genuine charity with his surviving enemy, and could Hooker have penetrated his remorsefully generous intentions, the shock of his son's fate would, doubtless, have been softened to him. Hugh's friends respected his evident emotion, if they did not altogether sympathize with it, and Lord Hestercombe broke in on a hush that was becoming painful, by making the move to leave the table.

It was a relief when his guests, dispersing for the night, left Hugh alone with his wife to take actual possession of their home, and give free vent to their thoughts.

"Hemprigge dead, Purkiss and scores of better men beggared! I wish you could tell me, Lucy, why I should be wedded and rich and happy when so many have come to frightful grief in the rush for wealth?"

"They were as they showed: you were always better than you seemed. They have had their reward, as you have. You helped Mr. Barrington in the first of your prosperity, and saved yourself Childersleigh. You thought of me in the shock of your own adversity, when no one else did, and —"

"No great merit in that," interrupted Hugh, thinking his wife looked more lovely than ever in her defence of her husband against himself.

"And as you took his happiness in charge — and mine, you must really forgive us for doing something for yours in our turn. But how you would have resented anything of the sort, Hugh, when I first knew you!"

"I believe you are right, Lucy," he laughed. "But since then I have seen my best-laid schemes fail, and my wisdom turn to folly; even my honour might have gone in the match with time, had I not persuaded you to take charge of my education. And now I am quite resigned to accept yourself and your fortune, and everything else you and heaven may have in store for me as the price of my obedience."

"If Lord Rushbrook only makes Maude half as happy," murmured Lucy, half closing her eyes in her ideal paradise.

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PORTRAITS AND MEMOIRS.

BY R. H. HORNE.

THE wanderer in far distant lands who looks out of his window upon strange people and strange scenes; or, seated with his back to the trunk of a tree in the lonely wilderness, contemplates the thronging maze of trees and stems, till, dazed with the apparent sameness, his emotions and thoughts are driven back upon himself, ceases, in process of time, to compare these things with scenes in his native country, and gazes upon them for what they are in themselves, and with reference to his own isolated existence. Sometimes, when looking up at the stars, seen furtively through the ragged waving tops of lofty forest-trees, and also at times when standing in the shadow of some rock or other darkness, watching or waiting on a special duty, with his horse silently feeding around him at the length of an unbuckled bridle, the wanderer may say to himself, "What is the difference to me — what does the reality amount to — between this place and my far-off native land? Here, where I am standing in darkness, or amidst the imperfect light of midnight woods, might be some part of England; and to-morrow morning I shall see my dearest friends." Yet how purely imaginary this is, for many of those friends have passed away. He will see them no more. The sense of personal identity misleads him; "the mind is its own place," and yet the difference between an exile's dwelling and his native home may be that of the distance of half the world! land or water — and, in many cases, it may be the yet greater difference and distance of a little narrow grave. Still, the vague idea of sameness, or of proximity, will occasionally present itself, and is in general a consoling influence.

But an equally remarkable phenomenon becomes habitual with most of those who have been very long absent from their native land, viz. the loss of a true sense of the progress of time, and with it a loss of the anticipation or prevision of those changes, by age or by death, which must inevitably have occurred at home, no news of which, in so many instances, will have reached him. He has watched the sun and moon rise again, and ever again, and recognized them as the same he delighted in at home; but he has not foreseen the whitening of the hair of those he left in their youth, nor speculated with solemn inward tears upon the painful sunbeams across the grave-stone, and the cold moonlight and black shadows of the old village churchyard.

He has never realized the effect of a dear familiar old room utterly metamorphosed by new furniture and strange pictures on the walls; or, far more stinging to the nerves, the same furniture and general appearance without those with whom they were associated — the melancholy table, the vacant seat. Every time the door of the room is opened by somebody outside, what a disappointment to the instincts of the heart! But he had not thought of that beforehand. Old walking-sticks, hats, umbrellas, old arm-chairs, how suggestive they are, how rife with the keenest emotions of personal associations and tender memories; yet how little had they been anticipated. No wonder at this and other mental purblindness, when probably he was almost unconscious of the deep-trenched lines in his own face, and the iron-grey, or solemn snow-fall, of his own hair.

How clearly and vividly, how minutely in all their circumstances and details do some persons we had formerly known, present themselves to the imagination, as though not years and months, but scarcely weeks or days, had intervened. A fragile form is now before my mind's eye as distinctly as it was in reality more than twenty years ago! The slender figure is seated by a fire in the drawing-room of Mr. G. S., the publisher of a novel which had brought the authoress at one bound to the top of popular admiration. There has been a dinner-party, and all the literary men whom the lady had expressed a wish to meet, had been requested to respect the publisher's desire, and the lady's desire, that she should remain "unknown" as to her public position. Nobody was to know that this was the authoress of "Jane Eyre." She was simply Miss Brontë, on a visit to the family of her host. The dinner-party went off as gaily as could be expected where several people are afraid of each other without quite knowing why; and Miss Brontë sat very modestly and rather on her guard, but quietly taking the measure of *les monstres de talent*, who were talking and taking wine, and sometimes bantering each other. Once only she issued from her shell, with brightening looks, when somebody made a slightly disparaging remark concerning the Duke of Wellington, for whom Miss Brontë declared she had the highest admiration; and she appeared quite ready to do battle with one gentleman who smilingly suggested that perhaps it was "because the Duke was an Irishman."

Now it should be premised, that the writer of these papers had sent a presentation copy of a certain poem, addressed in

complimentary, but very earnest terms, to the "Author of Jane Eyre," — the lady whose *nom de plume* was "Curer Bell," and whose real name we were not to know. To this she had replied in a note, which concluded with these words: —

"How far the applause of critics has rewarded the author of 'Orion' I do not know; but I think the pleasure he enjoyed in its composition must have been a bounteous meed in itself. You could not, I imagine, have written that poem without at times deriving deep happiness from your work.

"With sincere thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me,

"I remain, dear Sir,  
"Yours faithfully,  
"C. BELL."

On joining the ladies in the drawing-room, our host requested the writer to take a seat beside Miss Brontë. The moment he did so, she turned towards him with the most charming artlessness, exclaiming, "I was so much obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me your —" She checked herself with an inward start, having thus at once exploded her Curer-Bell secret, by identifying herself with the "Author of Jane Eyre." She looked embarrassed. "Ah, Miss Brontë," whispered the innocent cause of the not very serious misfortune; "you would never do for treasors and stratagems." She nodded acquiescently, but with a degree of vexation and self-reproach. Shortly after this, Mr. S., overhearing some conversation between us, which showed that the secret was "out," took an early opportunity of calling me aside, when he extended both hands, with an *et tu Brute* look, and began to complain of my breach of the general understanding. I of course explained what the lady had said, at the *naïveté* of which he was not a little astonished and amused.

A very gentle, brave, and noble-spirited woman was Charlotte Brontë. Fragile of form, and tremulous as an aspen leaf, she had an energy of mind and a heroism of character capable of real things in private life, as admirable as any of the fine delineations in her works of fiction. Nothing she has ever done seems to me more truthful, more magnanimous, and more touching than the brief preface she wrote to a new edition of her sister's novel of "Wuthering Heights." Emily was dead; her novel had not been appreciated; not well spoken of by the critics; not well received by the public; and mainly in consequence of frequent violations, in no instance of the reality of the characters she had so wonderfully portrayed in their time and place, but violation of the so-called "taste

of the day," which does not permit country squires and others to swear in oaths with proper spelling, but only by a first and last letter — and a hushing-up dash, to mark the prudent author's disapproval of a profane tongue. There were also some other startling excrescences, but only as the excess of force in the reality of the pictures, all very pardonable in the first work of a young author. "Wuthering Heights" is one of the most powerful novels ever written in the English language, or any other language. It did indeed deserve a better fate. Emily Brontë died without receiving any public recognition of her genius, and although the inward fangs of a fatal disease were doing their certain work, the world might perhaps have had another creation from that so potent spirit; and in any case the feeling of some public acknowledgment that she had not lived, and felt, and thought, and laboured in vain, would have helped to smooth her death-pillow, and to have made the brief remaining period of her generous sister's own life more happy. With what earnest emotion does Charlotte Brontë strive in that preface to place her sister's fame beside, or above, her own; with what noble yet almost tearful energy she seems to keep down her reproaches of the shallow judgment, the prudery, and want of perception, which had refused to admit Emily to her rightful place among writers of fiction! The ancient Romans used to set up a statue to "Success," and worshipped it as a god. What could the figure have been like, one wonders? Such a deity could not well be set up, admissibly and substantially as such, in modern times; but, O Discretion! how often do we notice that for want of thee, the best things may fail utterly, while, with thine aid, mediocrity in all shapes may become most prosperous.

But let us change the scene from London squares to the green lanes of Berkshire — its cottages, its gardens; and, above all, let us contemplate the abode of one who, not many years ago, was the presiding spirit of the scene.

There used to be, and there no doubt still is, if I had but the courage to go and look at it, a small, old-fashioned cottage at Three-mile Cross, near Reading, which stood in a garden close to the road. A strip of garden was on one side, a little bit of a pony-stable on the other, and the larger part of the garden at the back. It was a comfortable-looking, but still a real village cottage, with no town or suburb look whatever about it. Small lattice windows, below and above, with roses and jasmine creeping round them all, established its rural charac-

ter; and there was a great buttress of a chimney rising from the ground at the garden-strip side, which was completely covered with a very ancient and very fine apricot tree. There the birds delighted to sit and sing among the leaves, and build too, in several snug nooks, and there in early autumn the wasps used to bite and bore into the rich-ripe brown cracks of the largest apricots, and would issue forth in rage when any one of the sweetest of their property was brought down to the earth by the aid of a clothes-prop, guided under the superintending instructions of a venerable little gentlewoman in a garden-bonnet and shawl, with silver hair, very bright hazel eyes, and a rose-red smiling countenance. Altogether, it was one of the brightest faces any one ever saw.

"Now, my dear friend," would she say, "if you will only attend to my advice, you will get that apricot up there, which is quite in perfection. I have had my eye upon it these last three weeks, wondering nobody stole it. The boys often get over into the garden before any of us are up. There now, collect all those leaves, if you will be so good — and those too — and lay them all in a heap just underneath, so that the apricot may fall upon them. If you don't do that, it will burst open with a thump. There! now push the prop up slowly, so as to break the apricot from the stalk, and when it is down, do not be in too great a hurry to take it up, as it's sure to have a good large wasp or two inside. Wasps are capital judges of ripe wall-fruit, as my dear father used to say. A little lower with the prop! — more to the left — now just push the prong upwards, and gently lift — again — down it comes! Mind the wasps? — three, four — mind! — perhaps that's not all — five! — I told you so!"

"How angry they are!"

"Not more, my dear friend, than you and I would have been under similar circumstances."

I had not known Miss Mitford very long at this time; but it was her habit to address all those with whom she was on intimate terms, by some affectionate expression. For several years, however, I used to pay a visit of a week or ten days to Miss Mitford's cottage during the strawberry season, and again during the middle of summer, when her show of geraniums (she resisted all new nomenclatures) was at its height, and sometimes later when the wonderful old fruit-trees just retained some half-dozen of their choicest treasures. It would be impossible for any engraving or photograph, however excellent as to features, to

convey a true likeness of Mary Russell Mitford. During one of these visits, Miss Charlotte Cushman was also staying at the cottage, and exclaimed, the first time Miss Mitford left the room, "What a bright face it is!" This effect of summer brightness all over the countenance was quite remarkable. A floral flush overspread the whole face, which seemed to carry its own light with it, for it was the same indoors as out. The silver hair shone, the forehead shone, the cheeks shone, and, above all, the eyes shone. The expression was entirely genial, cognoscitive, beneficent. The outline of the face was an oblate round, of no very marked significance beyond that of an apple, or other rural "character;" in fact, it was very like a rosy apple in the sun. Always excepting the forehead and chin. The forehead was not only massive, but built in a way that sculpture only could adequately delineate. Mrs. Browning (at that time Miss Elizabeth Barret), in a note to a friend concerning Miss Mitford, described her forehead as of the ancient Greek type, and compared it to her idea of *Akinetos*, or the Great Unmoved,\* although we may doubt whether the amiable authoress of "*Our Village*" would have felt very much pleased or complimented by the unexpected comparison. Howbeit, this brain-structure accounted to me for the fact that Miss Mitford's conversation was often very superior to anything in her books. Having on one occasion suggested this, she said, smiling: "Well, you see, my dear friend, we must take the world as we find it, and it doesn't do to say to everybody, all that you would say to one, here and there." And presently afterwards, when alluding to several persons, without mentioning any names, for she was a very polite lady of the old school, Miss Mitford added: "One has to think twice before speaking once, in order to come down to them; like talking to children."

This build of head, and strong oblate outline of head and face, will go far to explain the strength of character displayed by Miss Mitford during the early and most trying periods of her life with her extravagant and selfish father. It may also equally account for her general composure and presence of mind, both on great occasions and others, trifling enough to talk and write about, but of a kind to test the nerves of most ladies. For instance, in driving Miss Mitford one day in her little pony-chaise on a morning visit, she so riveted my attention on the special point of a story,

\* In Mr. Horne's poem of "*Orion*." — EN.

that I allowed one wheel to run into a little dry ditch at the roadside, and the pony-chaise must of course have turned over, but that we were "brought up" by the hedge. "Hello! my dear friend!" said Miss Mitford; "we must get out." We did so; the little trap was at once put on its proper course, and without one word of comment, the bright-faced old lady took up the thread of her story.

Her favourite seat in the cottage, in the garden, and in the large greenhouse where she received visitors during the "strawberry season" (her usual definition of certain months), I have not revisited, and had better never do so. What people fondly call "a melancholy pleasure," is very intelligible, very expressive, and certainly very English. Without being addicted to deep sentiment like our cousin Germans, we certainly are very fond of courting gloom and sadness, not only in the performance of funerals, but in seeking sights and associations which are anything but a pleasure. Surely it is the best philosophy to avoid them. But no doubt I shall go there some day.

My first acquaintance with the authoress of "Our Village" was by a note from Miss Barrett (whom I only knew by literary correspondence, and had never seen), both so much regarded in private and in public, and now so lamented. This note enclosed one from Miss Mitford, expressing a wish to have a dramatic sketch for some annual, or other ornamental thing, she found in her interest, but no particular pleasure, to edit. That occasion was my first introduction to Miss Mitford; and my first to the learned and accomplished poetess—the greatest lyric poetess the world has ever known—was by a note from Mrs. O., enclosing one from the young lady, containing a short poem, with the modest request to be frankly told whether it might be ranked as poetry, or merely verses. As there could be no doubt in the recipient's mind on that point, the poem was forwarded to *Colburn's New Monthly*, edited at that time by Mr. Bulwer (now Lord Lytton), where it duly appeared in the current number. The next manuscript sent to me, was "The Dead Pan," and the poetess at once started on her bright and noble career.

It may be generally understood that this equally gifted and accomplished lady, having been for years confined to her rooms, like an exotic plant in a green-house, being considered in constant danger of rapid decline, occupied her time, not only in the arduous study of poetry, but in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew

languages. She was also well acquainted with all the greatest authors of France and Italy, in the original, and, ostensibly, with the poetry of the Portuguese. But it is not so generally known, and perhaps very little known, that she was a most assiduous reader of English literature, and conversant equally with the earliest authors, and the best of those of our own day. Her criticisms in the *Athenaeum*, and in her private letters, are exquisite; discriminating and applauding all the power and beauty; lenient to errors and shortcomings, and rich with imaginative illustrations. She had a subtle instinct as to character, the more remarkable considering her years of seclusion from the world. But these things can only be known to the very few who enjoyed the privilege of being in her society, or ranking among her correspondents. In the opinion of some of them, nobody ever wrote such letters and notes, not even the most celebrated of the lady letter-writers handed down for the world's admiration. The general knowledge, the varied learning and reading, the fine taste, and the noble heart and mind, were only to be surpassed, if that could be, by her utter simplicity and charming colloquial carelessness. Of course no single letter would display all these qualities, but it would be difficult to produce half-a-dozen which did not.

Having only occasionally had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Jameson, the writer would have felt diffident in venturing to bring her upon the scene. Fortunately this can be referred to a better hand, Mrs. Jameson having visited Miss Barrett during her period of seclusion. The date of the following letter appears to be December 3, 1844:—

"Not a sound—not a sign! . . . Tell me, for I do long to hear what is called now-a-days the 'real mesmeric truth.' 'Orororoi—in English we have nothing complaining enough, though we are said, here in England, to have the spirit of grumbling. . . .

"Since I wrote last I have seen Miss Mitford again, and I have lately received her promise of an early visit. That is, she will come as she did before, for what poor L. E. L. used to call the 'super-felicity of talking,' and stay with me from noon-tide to seven o'clock P.M. Also I have seen Mrs. Jameson, . . . and she overcame at last by sending a note to me from the next house—51, W.—St. Do you know her? She did not exactly reflect my idea of Mrs. Jameson. And yet it would be both untrue and ungrateful to tell you that she disappointed me. In fact she agreeably surprised me in one respect—for I had been told that she was *pedantic*, and I found her as *unassuming* as a woman need be—both unassuming and

natural. The tone of her conversation, however, is rather analytical and critical than spontaneous and impulsive—and for this reason she appears to me a less charming companion than our friend of Three-mile Cross, who 'wears her heart upon her sleeve,' and shakes out its perfumes at every moment. She—Mrs Jameson—is keen and calm, and reflective. She has a very light complexion—pale, lucid eyes—thin colourless lips, fit for incisive meanings—a nose and chin projective without breadth. She was here nearly an hour, and though on a first visit, I could perceive that a vague thought, or expression, she would not permit to pass either from my lips or her own. Yet nothing could be greater than her kindness to me, and I already think of her as of a friend.

"Miss Martineau is astounding the world with mesmeric statements through the *medium* of the *Athenaeum*—and yet, it happens so, that I believe few converts will be made by her. The medical men have taken up her glovo brutally—as dogs might do—dogs, exclusive of my Flush, who is a gentleman.

"Well, have you received my poems? In the 'Pan' you will observe that I accepted certain of your suggestions, and neglected others—neglected some, because I did not agree with you, and some because I could not follow my own wishes. In fact, or rather by fantasy, that poem seemed to me to belong to Mr. Kenyon. In various manners, past describing, he has lavished so much interest and kindness on it, and on me through it, that he seemed to me to have all the rights of adoption. He wanted various things altered, which I altered for the most part. Here and there, however, I was obliged to resist—though not without pain. And when I proposed having the Greek names (on which point I do altogether in my inward soul agree with you), he spurned the idea of turning Jove into Zeus, and I had not the courage to stand by my arms.

" . . . The volumes are succeeding, past any expectation or hope of mine. *Blackwood's* high help was much, and *Tait's* not unavailing. Then I continue to have letters of the kindest, from unknown readers. I had a letter yesterday from the remote region of Gutter-lane, beginning, 'I thank thee!' . . . The American publisher has printed fifteen hundred copies. If I am a means of ultimate loss to him, I shall sit in sackcloth. . . . "

Here follows a bit of admirable criticism on Leigh Hunt (and incidentally on Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Milton), which Leigh Hunt himself, had he read it, would have been generous enough to forgive; and he would also have been wise enough to turn again to the pages of the great writers in question, in order to reconsider some of his previous objections. What is remarked, however, of the dead silence observed by modern poets concerning each other, as though no others even

existed, would be almost as inapplicable to Leigh Hunt as to Ben Jonson.

"I have not heard a word from Leigh Hunt. . . . I am grateful enough to him as it is, having, in addition to all former causes of gratitude, the present delight of reading his new critical work upon poetry. The most delightful and genial of poetical critics he is assuredly. Not that I always agreed with him. I have it in my head, for instance, that he knows Ben Jonson somewhat superficially,—and underestimates his lyrics immensely\* and accepts the popular prejudice about his 'jealousy,' &c., even blindly. Is there a poet of England, new or old, who has written so much praise of his contemporaries as Ben Jonson? I know not. Does that fact prove jealousy in him? I infer not. Then, Beaumont and Fletcher he is niggardly in selections from, and for a reason I do not admit, for he says that it is impossible to quote a passage longer than a very short one, without falling upon matter of offence. Respectfully, I abjure the reasonableness of such a reason. Then, again, I seriously am of opinion that even if he rejects, . . . he might, out of the broad sympathy of a poet's heart, have had patience with Milton's divinity, as another form of mythology. There may be sectarianism in the very cutting off of sectarianism. I am sorry (very) for some things said, and some things left unsaid, in the paper on Milton—for instance, the omission of one of the very noblest odes in the English language (that on the birth of the Nativity), because—it is not on the birth of Bacchus! Objections like these apart, the book is, however, a beautiful book, and will be a companion to me for the rest of my life. My brother George gave it to me as the most acceptable gift in the world. Talking of books of poetry, tell me the name of the poem you are writing. My American friends ask about your 'Gregory,' 'Cosmo,' and 'Marlowe,' and want to naturalize them a little more.

"Mr. Tennyson is quite well again, I understand. Wordsworth is in a fever about the railroad which people are going to drive through the middle of the Lake School. So excited was he, that his wife persuaded him to go from home for a time, and compose his mind. He went, like an obedient husband—but he came back with ten fevers instead of one—and the time of his absence he spent in canvassing for Members of Parliament who would not say 'aye' to it. Fifty have promised, however, to protect him—although Monckton Milnes, having caught corruption from the Utilitarians, dares to oppose the master-poet front to front, and sonnet to sonnet. Mr. Browning has not returned to England yet.

"And then I hear that Carlyle won't believe in Mesmerism, and calls Harriet Martineau mad. 'The madness showed itself first in the refusal of the pension—next, in the resolu-

\* The above was written before Leigh Hunt had published all his remarks on Ben Jonson.

tion that, the universe being desirous of reading her letters, the universe should be disappointed — and thirdly, in this creed of Mesmerism.' I wish (if he ever did use such words) somebody would tell him that the first manifestation, at least, was of a noble phrenzy, which in these latter days is not too likely to prove contagious. For my own part, I am not afraid to say that I almost believe in Mesmerism, and quite believe in Harriet Martineau.

" May God bless you, my dear friend. Take care of yourself, and be very happy.

E. B. BARRETT."

The foregoing — with the exception of some passages of literary sympathy, which the present writer frankly expresses his regret at omitting — was the substance of a single letter, sent to Germany, addressed to one whom the poetess had never seen; who was unlikely ever to see, and whom the lady never did see till after her return from Florence as the wife of his early friend. So far as one isolated letter can serve in illustration of the opinion expressed of the scope and style of epistolary composition (which, indeed, was no conscious composition at all, but obviously no more than easy intellectual impulse, natural grace, and richness of mind), the above, it is submitted, may be accepted by the highest class of readers.

With the delightful essayist and poetical critic, Leigh Hunt, my first acquaintance commenced when W. J. Fox, the late M. P. for Oldham, having become actively engaged in political life, wished to make over the proprietorship of his *Monthly Repository* to somebody of position, who would carry forward those principles of mental freedom, of reform, and of science, literature, and art, of which, with the assistance of Mr. John Mill, Miss Martineau, Dr. Southwood Smith, &c. &c., it had for years been one of the very foremost champions. More especially Mr. Fox was anxious to disentangle it entirely from the Unitarian connection, of which it had originally been the leading organ. With this view, the editorship had been undertaken by the present writer, and the magazine had been carried on during six months, when it was found that the odour of unsanctified sectarianism was still supposed to cling to it, because it had once been the chief organ of that class of Dissenters. Sitting in the ecumenical council, so far as our friend W. J. Fox and his four or five literary bishops could represent the world in question, it was determined to offer the magazine as a free gift to Leigh Hunt. It was eventually accepted jointly, at his wish, by Mr. Reynell, the printer of the *Examiner* and himself, in the following little note, dated Chelsea:—

" DEAR HORNE,

" Though your letter seems intended for Mr. Reynell, yet, as the envelope is addressed to myself, I choose to pretend I have a right to answer it, in order that I may express my thanks as quickly as possible for the frank and liberal manner in which you and your friends have met our wishes; and to say how happy we shall be, for our sakes as well as yours and theirs, to show all the sense that becomes us, of your own.

" Your obliged and faithful Servant,

" LEIGH HUNT."

Under such auspices there surely was every reason to anticipate that the *Monthly Repository* would be, at last, cut clean away from all imaginary remains of sectarianism. Leigh Hunt started it with all his usual vivacity and pleasure on commencing anything of a novel kind. He quite disported himself as in "fresh woods and pastures new." Excepting Mr. Fox, whose absence was deemed politic, most of the principal contributors on the staff of the previous editorship joined Leigh Hunt. Landor sent him contributions, Carlyle did something; Robert Bell, Thomas Wade, Egerton Webbe, and, if I recollect rightly, Mrs. Jameson, Robert Browning, Miss Martineau, and others. It flourished for a season; but so absorbent and reticent is public opinion, that this always valiant, intellectual, and energetic pioneer of most of the leading ideas and principles of progression in our present day, having once been — in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant" — the chief organ of a dissenting sect — that early fact still hovered and vapoured round it with a smothered atmosphere, and finally poor Leigh Hunt discovered that it was "labour in vain," and so the brave little *Repository* died in his editorial arms: about as happy and honourable an end as it could have had.

It is remarkable that so many literary men and women, more perhaps than any other class, give no dates to their letters and notes, or only imperfect dates, such as the month, or the day of the week. Hundreds are in my possession, to which the probable date can only be given from circumstances mentioned in them, because the post-marks on the envelopes are generally illegible. Here is one from Leigh Hunt, which, of course, refers to the production of his beautiful and stage-neglected play of "The Legend of Florence." What a delightful state of excitement he is in! —

Friday, October 18.

" MY DEAR HORNE,

" The deed is done! and the play accepted! I received your letter the evening before last, and should have written yesterday morning, but

was whirled off in an unusual hurry to read my play at 12 o'clock, having had notice to that effect, on Monday last, from Mrs. Orger, who at the same time said so many things about the difficulty of ever *herself* being present at the reading, of its being contrary to 'etiquette,' &c., and of her doubting whether she should be able to muster up courage enough to ask permission, that I was beaten off my intention to speak about your own kind offer. I was sorry for this when too late, as I thought I perceived I could have managed it easily enough. — The reading, I must say, ('burning blushed' apart), was received with acclamation, and all sorts of the kindest expressions, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Orger, Mr. Robertson (treasurer, an old friend), Bartley, stage manager, and Planché (I believe, reader), and the performance is to follow Knowles's, in the thick of the season. So I hope us other dramatizing men will be 'looking up.' — I will take my chance of finding you in a few days.

"Mrs. Hunt's very best remembrances. Love of both to Miss P——, 'Mary,' I mean; also to Margaret, if you see her before I do. Receive again the thanks of yours ever most truly,

"L. H."

Something very much to Leigh Hunt's honour is not, I think, generally known; perhaps very few ever heard of it. "Now, Hunt," said Madame Vestris, with a smiling but earnest look, "If you will change the movement and close of the last act, it will be far more popular and profitable."

"But how, madam?"

"Thus: Agolante has been one of the very worst husbands, no doubt; but after his wife's supposed death, there would be good reason for him to reform; in fact, to become quite an altered man. If then, after he finds she is not dead, you let him present himself to her—in short, if you will give him back his wife, your play will run for a hundred nights." Leigh Hunt at once answered: "Impossible! So cruel, so exacting, and utterly selfish a domestic tyrant as Agolante, could never become an altered man. In a very short time he would be as bad again as before, and drive her really into her grave. I can't give him back Ginevra. Besides, he is killed in the end, the great probability is that she will be happy with one who truly loves her, and is worthy of her. The end, as it stands, suggests that." And so the play had only a moderate success of some thirty nights. Too bad—too good.

With the sudden discovery of so rare and rich a vein, and in a veteran author, it may naturally excite wonder at the present day, how it happened that only one other production of Leigh Hunt's ever appeared on the stage. And the more may thus be won-

dered at, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews had such high expectations of his next play, that the treasurer was directed to pay him 1000*l.* in advance, by way of securing whatever piece he might write for the stage. Of his fruitless labours and vexations how little has he narrated. Things explicable in any other art and profession, seem often quite inexplicable with regard to the stage. A very similar result attended the production of the two fine plays by Mr. Browning, then a very young dramatist. If not highly successful, they at least succeeded, and undoubtedly were of high promise. But we saw no more of him on the stage. This is not the place for any discussion of the question; but one remark may be made, to the effect that the blame only lies with the public at second hand. The success of Mr. Robertson's comedies, and more recently of Mr. Tom Taylor's historical play, is strong evidence that if there really be a fixed depravity of taste in large classes of the public, there are other classes eager to hail a superior order of drama, and the absolute reform of the stage. This is steadily advancing.

Some of Leigh Hunt's notes on literary business are amusingly adroit in dealing with oversights, delays, or other difficulties. Here is one:—

"Chelsea, Feb. 6.

[No year; but postmark on envelope legibly giving 1838.]

"MY DEAR HORNE,

"Many thanks for Blanchard's kind notice, for which I will thank him also. I shall be very glad to see you when you can break away. A due and huge fire shall welcome you during this (indeed) terribly cold weather, which has half petrified my half-tropical faculties, and attacked me with rheumatism, liver-complaint, and other gentilities; but I endeavour to make the most of the present sunshine, and am taking a holiday or two of verse-writing. Did you miss some verses you were good enough to send me, in the current number? So did I, much more; for I had determined on seeing them there, and am ashamed to say that I have mislaid them. I must have been so occupied with something else at the time as to dispose of them hastily in some unusual corner. I have no doubt they will be forthcoming at their own good time; but may I ask if you can forestall them with another copy?

"Ever truly yours,

"LEIGH HUNT."

"P.S.—Of volume of *Repository* (for which very many thanks), when I see you. I have given divers articles no sort of *just* perusal yet."

Here is another, so elegant and courteous as to be really courtly. It might have been written in a full "suit" of the time of

Lord Chesterfield, and the person addressed might almost feel that he ought to be in similar attire to read it with due bows, acknowledgments, and protestations. And all about a small matter of literary revision:—

"Chelsea, August 2.

[Probably about the same year  
as the last.]

"MY DEAR MR. OPIFEX,

"Pray favour me with an early *Tuesday* evening (not inconvenient to you, I think you said), in order that I may enter into a more detailed explanation of my reasons for venturing to omit a few lines towards the beginning of your beautiful tragedy. It was a great liberty, and I hope you do not fancy, for a moment, that I took it without great doubt and reluctance; but I finally warranted myself for three reasons: first, . . . and third, that in your interior you seemed to me to be so truly possessed of the good-nature properly belonging to genius, that I reckoned upon your forgiveness under the circumstances. The truth is, I took it for the *only* passage in which the malice of a critic might find anything to turn to discordant account; and I hope I am not growing impudent in my excuses when I add, that for *your* sake it was I was chiefly moved to venture upon the officiousness, having conceived for you. . . . Come then soon, if you can, and tell me you are not angry with

"LEIGH HUNT."

The following, for its joyous vein of romantic flattery, surpasses most ebullitions of the kind on record, when the inadequacy of the cause is considered. It is merely to excuse himself for neglecting or procrastinating the return of some printer's proofs, which there was no great need for me to receive in haste:—

Chelsea, Feb. 18.

[No year given, and no means  
of tracing it]

"MY DEAR OPIFEX,

"A word from you is worth a thousand others from almost all other men, let it have been ten times later; and I trust this acknowledgement need as little apologize for delay, knowing how much you and I constantly think of one another, with an intercommunication of spirit that can well let the post wait a bit. Your letter is as great a gem to me, as if the Jew of Malta himself had given me one out of his list; and I fancy I can appreciate it too, without its making the bestower a jot the less rich, but the reverse—more rich from his power to bestow, and to wait. God bless you. I will do all you wish with the proofs, and send them at the right time.

"Your affectionate Friend,

"LEIGH HUNT."

In 1841 a project was set on foot for giving the world, for the first time, a true yet polished modernization of the Father of English poetry. All previous so-called modernizations of Chaucer (with the single exception of Lord Thurlow's rendering of the "Knight's Tale") had been, at best, paraphrases, *ad libitum* translations, or gross parodies, and desecrations of the homely power, beauty, graphic richness, and quaint humour of the original. As to the fact that Chaucer was not only a versifier of wonderful variety, but that (so far as we can discover and imagine the actual quantities he used and intended us to read) he was a master of versification, and this in himself, and without considering the age in which he wrote,—not the remotest recognition had ever been shown of it. Nor had such a fact ever been dreamed to be likely. It was agreed upon to carry out this project by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Miss Elizabeth Barrett, Robert Bell, Monckton Milnes, and the writer of these papers, who was nominated as editor. Other contributors were also on the list. The following note by Leigh Hunt, commencing in a state of great hilarity, about something else, refers with a very acute observation to one of the difficulties of the undertaking:—

"Kensington, Nov.  
[Book published in 1841.]

"MY DEAR HORNE,

"Glory be to the glorification you have given me. It happened too to come upon me at a moment when I was in great want of an agreeable sensation; and verily it supplied it, and did me a world of good, taking me into a region remote from my cares, and making a king of me, and a sort of *Cambus*." [Cambus Khan.] "Many thanks to the kind heart which impelled you.

"But your letter, Signor mio, makes me think of the perplexity you speak of; and behold! I fancy I have found out the critical reason and reconciliation thereof; to wit, that it is far easier to do something of a bit of literal justice to Chaucer's serious poems than his merry; because the language of mirth is apt to be the language of manners, and therefore comparatively figurative; while people remain in *earnest* pretty much in the same fashion for centuries. Take a common colloquial oath, and see how it has changed from his time to ours. When a man says 'Benedicite,' we *feel* nothing in it—or very little. It is an old Latin or Popish form of speech: we think 'God bless me' is quite another matter. This is a very small and slight illustration, but it will easily suggest to you all the rest.

"I send you a copy of the first part of the 'Seer' (from *London Journal*, &c.,) because

you will find some characters in it which you might like to use.

" Ever faithfully yours,  
" L. H."

With the genial, hospitable, and ever kindly Robert Bell (author of "A History of Russia," editor of the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets," and for many years editor of the *Home News*), the first acquaintance of the editor of "Chaucer Modernized" was made through Leigh Hunt, with a view to his co-operation in that work. All the contributors, previously named, were highly qualified for the undertaking, and all laboured at it with minute care and thoughtful skill — more especially Wordsworth, who, besides his modernization of "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," revised, almost throughout, the somewhat lengthy poem of "The Flower and the Leaf," which had been done by another hand. Yet, in consequence of the principle proposed by the editor, and accepted by all, viz. that *the work should be considered as best done by those who could retain, gracefully, the most of the original* — the contest, no less than the labour of love entailed upon the editor by the philological enthusiasts, and sincere as well as learned admirers of the Father of English Poetry, far exceeded, in the converse sense, his most sanguine expectations. Whatever alterations were courteously suggested, queries made, or comparison of the texts of different editions proposed, the majority of them were fought out by letters, or marginal and foot-notes all over the proofs. Some of these proofs have been preserved as curiosities of literature. Even when a proposed, or suggested alteration, if only of a single word, was finally accepted, it was seldom without a preliminary contest — all in the best possible feeling — all showing the admirable earnestness of the great Poet's translators — but nevertheless a trying contest for the unfortunate one who felt it his duty to tempt his fate on all due, or doubtful occasions. As a slight illustration, which is not unlikely to amuse the reader, here are a few scraps taken from a single note, by Robert Bell, who had modernized Chaucer's poem of "The Complaint of Mars and Venus."

" MY DEAR HORNE,

" I send you both proofs. My reason for asking for a clean proof was to avoid the danger of confusing the printers by the numerous marks and references. . . . I have adopted the greater part of your alterations. Wherever I have differed from you, it is upon mature consideration and after a due balancing of argu-

ments on both sides. Your 'sunrise,' in v. 1, although close to the 'sun uprise,' is not (I think), on the whole, so close a reflection of his meaning as my own line, in which the word 'upland' gives us the picture complete. Besides, 'sun' comes immediately after. In verse 7, I stand up for 'voluptuous joys.' Pray let it remain. In verse 8, 'loving compact' is not so close to the original 'steven,' which literally means an appointment, or 'assignation'; besides, assignation is familiar. But if, on consideration, you prefer the *compact*, you have my assent to its adoption. . . . Verse 17: 'Corse' means, in one sense, body — but in another, 'course,' which is, in my opinion, obviously the meaning here. *Avoiding* the light by baffling turns, creeping and running in the shade, is in all respects better, in my opinion. I should be sorry to lose this. . . .

" Verse 22: *Make* is not intended for 'beating.' By examining the other passages in which the singing bird uses it, you will find it means *mate*. I am tolerably certain that my translation is correct, and I think it more poetical.

'This is no feigned matter that I tell,  
My lady is the very spring and well  
Of beauty, gentleness, and liberty;  
Her rich array, a costly *miracle*, &c.'

*Mars* v. 3.

" Oh! leave the 'miracle,' v. 5. I must plead also for the restoration of the original line, v. 9. I have brought in the more in Chaucer's own words. Thanks for calling my attention to this. *L'Envoye*: You were right about 'Granson' [not grandson]. I am sorry you do not print the stanzas with the indented lines. I have restored a full spelling in those cases where the final syllable is not pronounced. I am afraid I have given you a world of trouble, but I have saved you as much as I could in my proof, which is now completely ready to be printed. Mrs. B. read your 'Reve's Tale,' and is decidedly of opinion that there is no objection to it. . . . I must see you soon to settle about the next volume.

" Ever yours,  
" R. B."

And all this, with much more omitted, after Bell had set out with the pleasing but too delusive amenity, that he "had adopted" the greater part of the proposed alterations. But this is a trifle to what occurred with the proofs, as well as manuscripts, of more than one of the other loving translators of the great old Poet.

At this period Robert Bell was living in a fine old-fashioned house, with a large garden, some six miles out of London, and gave a cordial standing invitation to his friends to dine there on Sundays. The most frequent guests, that is, once every month or two, were W. M. Thackeray, Samuel Lover, Laman Blanchard, Douglas Jerrold, Dr. Mayo, Felix Mendelssohn (when in London), Frank Stone, "Father

Prout," several artists and authors whose names do not occur to the memory at this moment, and the present writer; occasionally also, William and Mary Howitt, Dion Boucicault, Dr. Southwood Smith, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Jameson.

The first time I met Mr. Thackeray (it will be seen that there are some reasons for definitely marking the individuals in this case) was at the office of the *Court Journal*, then edited by my admired and lamented friend Lamian Blanchard. Thackeray was seated at the editor's desk. "Oh! thank you!" exclaimed Blanchard, who was always glad to have to write as little himself as possible: "what are you writing there?" "I don't call it writing," said Thackeray, without looking up, "so much as squirting a little warm water down a page of your journal." This compliment to his courtly readers delighted Blanchard more than it would have done most editors of a fashionable journal. An amusingly characteristic anecdote claims a few words at this moment. Blanchard told me that he once asked Colburn if he liked his last article in the *New Monthly*? "Like it! well, of course, I should have liked it." Not quite understanding this equivocal compliment, Blanchard again made the inquiry. "You see," said Colburn, with a grave business-look, "when a new contributor sends us anything, I examine every page and part of it — to find if it's *weight*, you know; and I do this, less and less, till I can trust him; and then I never read him again. Now, in your case, I assure you I never read a word you write, and never intend to do so."

Some time after this — the length of the interval is forgotten — a certain biographical and critical work was published, in which several hands of eminent writers were engaged, the editor agreeing to "stand fire" for the anonymous brigade. This work was reviewed at some length in the *Morning Chronicle* by Mr. Thackeray, then only known to the public under the incongruous pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. In his critique, obviously written in a half-cynical, half-rollicking, Royster-Doyer mood, he indulged in a variety of self-contradictory observations, and not a few intended personalities, though really wide of the mark, as they happened to be in no one respect applicable. He selected several sentences of profound or graphic criticism (little suspecting that they chanced to be written by most admired authors), and gibbeted them as unintelligible follies; made a broad sign-board caricature of the editor, as a denizen of the city who had got out of his depth; dressed him in an imagin-

ary suit of the vulgarest taste, including a "waistcoat, splendid in the way of decoration," purchased in the vicinity of Bow Bells, &c.; and concluded, in the most astonishing manner, with the easy inconsistency of declaring that the editor, on the whole, was "never ungenerous or unmanly," that "his sympathies were honourable and well placed," and that "he told the truth as far as he knew it." In the second edition of the work, an introduction was written in which thanks were duly rendered to some reviewers, and unfair attacks answered. Now, a gentleman of six feet two, and bulky form, with a large camus nose, and great round-glassed spectacles, should have been one of the last to venture upon fanciful personalities. In reply, his inconsistencies were simply displayed; he was informed that the editor had known much more of the broiling sun of Mexico and the thunders of the Gulf of Florida, than of London mud, or the chimes of Bow Bells, and that if Mr. Titmarsh really were engaged to play the part of Adonis in the *Morning Chronicle*, it would be nothing but a pleasure to witness such a performance. But with regard to his final remark as to honourable sympathies and love of truth, if Mr. Titmarsh sincerely meant that, the editor would be happy to shake hands with him in public or private. A few weeks after this appeared, the editor happened to meet Thackeray at the Royal Society. He immediately came forward, and in the most courteous and kindly manner extended his hand, saying, "Mr. Horne, will you allow me to take your hand?" This was the feeling and act of a true gentleman, and it is a great pleasure to record it. Of course we were friends from that day. But all such personalities have since been very properly banished from the superior organs of literature, and seem to be not readily tolerated in the humbler walks.

"Are you a writer of 'moods?'" said Bell one day to Thackeray. "Yes, assuredly," was the answer; "and often not in the best moods." "Then, sometimes you can't write at all?" "Of course not; or not fit to be read." "That's strange," said Bell. "Now, I can take out my watch — lay it down upon the table — and write, within a line or two, the same quantity in the same given time."

Thackeray was a frequent visitor at the old garden-mansion when Bell lived there, and would go on pleasantly for hours, talking and making sketches in an album. Some of these were richly humorous, and accompanied by scraps of prose or verse. This was before Thackeray had published the

work which at once raised him to his well-deserved eminence, viz. "Vanity Fair." He himself has related how this masterpiece of modern novel-writing was refused in the first instance, both by magazines, and as a substantive work; but it was reserved for Mr. Kent's "Footprints on the Road" to make it more recently known that he had also offered himself as an artist, to furnish sketches as illustrations for a popular author's stories, which had been very promptly declined. Bell used to take the utmost delight in seeing him make these fanciful sketches. The drawing-room was very large, and in winter there was a great log-fire. It chanced on a certain evening that the lamp suddenly went out, so that the back part of the room was thrown into shadow; and there stood those huge figures—one upwards of six feet two, and bulky in proportion,—the other (Bell) being at least six feet four, stalwart and gaunt—with the large log-fire at steady red heat in front of them, and their great shoulders and backs in dark shade. It suggested to the imagination a scene of giants in a forest, holding high conference, or of the meeting between the Chancellor, "tower-heavy Turketull," and "Gorm" the Scandinavian sea-king, in the fine chronicle play of "Athelstan." What a pity that Bell's amiable, and not unfrequently "inspired" visitor, Mendelssohn, did not chance to be at the pianoforte that evening! He would certainly have improvised some wonderful symphony on the occasion.

The last touch has just been given to the foregoing picture, when the sudden news of the departure of an early friend on his final journey, confuses the eye-sight with a doubt as to whether it reads the words aright. No portrait shall, at present, be attempted, and all memoirs must be postponed to a time when one can more steadily approach the subject, and more clearly recall the many genial and admirable characteristics of the private life of Charles Dickens. One brief anecdote is all that shall now be offered.

When *Household Words* first started, and for a long time afterwards, the present writer

had a room appropriated to him, in conjunction with the late Mr. Hogarth, in the house where *Household Words*, and some chronicle or record connected with that periodical, were published. There we read newspapers, wrote private notes, gossiped about Corelli and Sebastian Bach, and *de omnibus rebus*, &c., and should have done special work, but somehow, excepting the correction of proofs, this generally happened to be done elsewhere. At that early date of the periodical, the only regular staff-contributors of original articles, were Mr. Dickens, the acting editor, and myself; and, now and then, an article was jointly written. One day Mr. Dickens proposed to me a paper on "Chatham Dockyard." Being much taken with the subject, a day was at once fixed upon, and we went down early to have the day before us—dinner being ordered for the hour by which it was considered that our observations and notes could be completed. "Now," said Mr. Dickens, "this article will naturally divide itself into two parts, which we can afterwards dovetail together, viz. the works of the dockyard, and the fortifications and country scenery round about. Which will you take?" I at once replied, that the works of the dockyard seemed to me the most promising. He smiled, and said, "Then we'll meet here again at a quarter to five. I'm glad you make that choice, for this is a sort of native place of mine. I was a schoolboy here, and have juvenile memories and associations all round the country outskirts." The kindness and good nature, even more than the readiness for any kind of work, need no comment. How few literary men—how very few—would have suppressed a strong personal feeling on such an occasion, before the choice was made. But while the long life of continuous literary work shall show so very few objectionable things, there will remain a large store of kindly acts, to be, from time to time, recorded. To the joint article in question, Mr. Dickens gave the title of "One man in a Dockyard,"—thus again sinking his own personality in the matter.

An important artistic discovery has just been made at Reichenbach, in Silesia. A portrait of Luther has been found, buried under a heap of rubbish, in the passage leading from the school to the Lutheran church. The canvas is in a

perfect state of preservation, and has been recognized by the burgomaster, a well-informed amateur, as the work of Louis Cranach.

Academy.

From Temple Bar.  
THE WIDOW MERAND.

A STORY IN TWELVE PICTURES.

I.

IT is evening in St. Roque. Broad August moonshine silvers the grey gables of the quaint old Norman houses — silvers the exquisite flèche of St. Pierre and the empty booths of the fruit-sellers in the market-place beneath, and brings into dark distinctness, at the far end of the long picturesquely street, the twin spires of *St. Etienne*, frowning St. Etienne.

"I must take yet another turn," says M. Alphonse Rendu to himself. He lights a fresh cigar, and walks back towards St. Etienne.

Moonlight and the reflection from a cigar are neither of them flattering to the complexion.

So it is better to follow Monsieur Rendu until he passes the old cathedral of St. Etienne and turns into the great square beyond; the square is full of lamps, and here he is so obliging as to sit down on one of the benches under the lime-trees, and take off his hat, and we get quite a good look at his face.

Pas si mal! And yet he is not what can be called handsome. He has honest blue eyes and a benevolent forehead, and a good mouth — a little severe, perhaps, but his moustache and beard curl over it so playfully that you can't find much fault, as your eyes go wandering up and you note how well the crisp auburn waves of his hair match with the beard. If his face were not so flat and his nose so broad, Monsieur Rendu would, after all, come under the objectionable denomination, "handsome." He does not think the word objectionable. Listen to his thoughts as he sits smoking, in the broad moonlight of the Place St. Etienne:

"Yes, she is handsome! Her eyes are as bright as diamonds, and as dark as velvet; but they have the hardness of diamonds. But why am I a fool? can it signify whether a woman's eyes be hard or soft, so long as they are full of love for me? and Madame Mérand gives more than love to her husband, she gives him a home — an état. Well, what do I want with these? have I not enough to pay for lodging and clothes, and food enough and to spare, out of my own earnings?" He rises and paces up and down till he has finished his cigar, and then he still paces up and down, whistling softly. "If I could think — but no, no, no! She is as cold as a little stone, and as proud as — ah! it is

hard that, in this life, we cannot have things as we choose."

Having given birth to this surprising discovery of hardships, Monsieur Alphonse takes his way back into the Rue Notre Dame, and then goes on past the Hotel St. Barbe, to his lodging over the shop of Madame Bobineau, that well-known perfumer and glover at the corner of the Place St. Pierre. To his lodging and to bed, but not to dreams of handsome-eyed widow Mérand, the wealthy proprietor of the Hotel St. Barbe. The dreams of Monsieur Alphonse are of a young face with a pale clear skin and large woudering eyes, — eyes that have no fixed beauty in them, though they haunt the memory, — eyes that take fresh meanings as fresh emotions lighten in them. "Mimi!" this young clerk murmurs in his sleep, and "Mimi" is not the name of Madame Mérand.

II.

NEXT morning is a festival, and Madame Mérand's dark oval face looks very handsome as she hurries home from early mass. She likes to be at home again, settled in her little parlour opposite the *salle-à-manger* by the time her regular visitors come in and breakfast. This parlour is a little room for so queen-like a woman, but it commands the whole of the arched entrance, and she can overlook from it the courtyard of the inn.

She looks very handsome, as she sits near the open door; her plain black stuff gown fits her perfect shape so easily, and the tiny cambric collar and cuffs are snowy in their fineness. She wears coral earrings and a brooch to match, of the simplest form; a rich plait of dark glossy hair circling her well-shaped head; and yet Madame Mérand cannot look simple — with all this plainness, she is like a queen.

The guests pass in and out: she bows to some, to one or two she rises and curtseys; but, generally, she gets up and retreats into her little room.

A young man is coming out of the *salle*; he bows to madame, and smiles.

She curtseys and then her lips move. He cannot hear, and has to go into the little parlour before he can understand what she says.

"My neighbour, Monsieur Le Petit, is going to Cabourg-les-bains on Sunday," says madame; "he has room in his char-à-banc, if you, monsieur, will accept a place; it is very pleasant at Cabourg."

And then the bright dark eyes look at Monsieur Rendu with an intensity of expression that troubles him.

Only for a moment, Monsieur Rendu thinks of the fresh sea-breezes in contrast with the furnace-like heat that comes in through the arched entrance.

"Ma foi! — yes, it must be pleasant. Madame, I return many thanks to Monsieur Le Petit, and I am enchanted to accept his offer."

Monsieur Rendu bows and smiles devotedly and then sallies forth to the banking-house. The widow looks after him, and she sighs.

Madame Mérand can quit her parlour now and go up to her own room. There she paces up and down, a different woman altogether from the calm, self-possessed owner of the little parlour of the Hotel St. Barbe.

"Does he love me — or has he no feeling, or does he love some one else? He likes me — he never shuns an opportunity of talking to me — but there it ends. Oh, mon Dieu! how much longer is this torture to go on?"

She stops before the looking-glass; a proud smile curves her lips, usually too firm in their chiselling. "He *must* love me!" the beautiful woman murmurs; "but he dares not show his love because he is poor."

And yet her heart aches still, — aches with that incessant hunger so hard to appease — the hunger of a love which has given itself unsought. Looking at Madame Mérand, it is difficult to think this can be her case, — more difficult to realize that she will fail in attaining anything on which she has determined.

There is power as well as passion in those dark, flashing, resolute eyes.

### III.

OLD Madame Bobineau makes a good contrast to Madame Mérand. She is Norman born, and has long ago lost every tooth in her head. Her face, in colour and wrinkles, puts one in mind of a peach-stone; while the face of the young girl she talks to, on this sunny August morning, may serve as counterpart to the bloom on the peach. The girl is very fair; as she lifts her large wondering eyes to the old woman's face, a tinge of soft rose steals through the transparent skin.

There is a mutinous movement in the red full lips.

"I tell thee, Mimi, it is neglectful and intolerable — an orphan, with her own living to earn, to consider herself above her duties: it is thy positive duty to fit each glove across the knuckles, so," — the old lady doubles up her skinny claws by way

of illustration, — "and from the point of the finger and the thumb tip, so. I will have it done, I say!" Madame Bobineau stamps her foot, and her voice rises into that exasperating pitch of shrillness which, to some feminine minds, represents power.

"Bien, madame — I hear you," Mimi says. Her heart swells proudly; she would like to put on her bonnet, and seek another employment; but she is an orphan. Her father, Christophe Lalange, an unsuccessful musician in Rouen, married one of his pupils, for love, against the wish of her parents, and reaped the bitter fruit. When he and his young wife died of the same fever, their one child was left destitute. Through the intervention of the priest who had ministered to them, little Mimi was brought up carefully and kindly by some of the good religieuses of Rouen; and, later on, Madame Bobineau, a far-off cousin of the dead musician's, agreed to take the orphan as shop-woman in her business, at St. Roque, provided Mimi established no expectations on this offer, and found her own lodgings; for Madame Bobineau's house was close to the beautiful church of St. Pierre and the market-place, and her lodgings were sought after and well-paid for. She had now, au premier, an invalid lady staying at St. Roque for the sake of its famous library; au second, Monsieur le Capitaine Loigereau; au troisième, Monsieur le Vicomte de Foulanges, sous-lieutenant — both attached to the 75th of la ligne, now quartered in the town; and, au quatrième, in the front room, Monsieur Alphonse Rendu, clerk at the bank of Carmier, frères, in the rue St. Jean: all good customers, who took their meals at the table of Madame Bobineau's gossip and friend, widow Mérand, of the Hotel St. Barbe.

In Madame Bobineau's orderly and well-regulated household, a young girl could not be located among so many men, two of them soldiers, so Mimi had a lodging in a by-street. There was a private door to the house of Madame Bobineau; if the locataires came into the shop, it must be from the street, and as customers; and it is about one of these very locataires that she is now so angry as to raise a storm of controlled rebellion in Mimi Lalange.

Madame Bobineau gives another stamp with her carpet-shod foot, and retreats to her den, whence, spider-like, she can watch through the semi-curtained glass-door.

Mimi sits down behind the counter, and leans her head back against the rows of compartmented shelves, so as to get beyond the range of the glass-door. There is a far-off seeking look in her grey eyes — a look

that easily becomes imploring; it does so now—the red lips part, and the lower one droops.

"What can I do? Madame Bobineau is not kind; I cannot love her; but she might be worse; and if I leave her she will not give me a recommendation, and how is a young girl to find employment without one? Why am I so silly? why is it nothing to me to try on the gloves of others, and yet with him—ah! with him it is quite different. I cannot: my fingers tremble—they all become thumbs. Oh, what is it?"

## IV.

MADAME BOBINEAU went to mass at St. Etienne, on her way home she called in on Madame Mérand.

In her calm, quiet way, madame related to her sympathizing gossip her domestic grievances: how the new *femme de chambre* would spend her time in chattering with the *garçon de salle*; how the up-stairs *garçon* Ferdinand, had been lost for three hours yesterday, and was then discovered sound asleep in the bed he was supposed to be making; how a plum-pudding had been served in honour of some English travellers, and how the English had grimaced, and refused it, because of the rum—the "rhom," Madame Mérand affirmed, being the only good point about it. Having related these grievances in her calm, assured voice, Madame Mérand inquired after Madame Bobineau's lodgers.

"Ma foi!" the two little black beads in the peach-stone face of Madame Bobineau twinkle into slyness; "it seems to me you see as much of them as I do: as I went to la messe, Monsieur Rendu was coming out of your parlour. He is favoured; but he is a well-mannered, discreet youth. Tenez! only this morning I had a discussion about him with Mimi—I have told you of Mimi, the orphan of poor Christophe?"

The pupils of Madame Mérand's eyes contract, and then they blaze on the withered old crone with fierce intelligence.

"Mimi, your shop-girl? what should she know of Monsieur Rendu? Madame Bobineau, your good sense should teach you to keep her out of the way of your lodgers."

Madame Bobineau has outgrown passion, except when she is disobeyed. Moreover, she is unwilling to offend a friend who can give away sometimes a *ris de veau*, sometimes the remains of a *vol-au-vent aux truffes*—and Bobineau's old mouth waters at the thought of such dainties,—so she answers meekly:

"Yes—yes, I am careful! but the girl

must serve customers. I have seen Monsieur Rendu come into the shop often lately for gloves, and Mimi stands there useless; she lets him choose and try for himself. It is not respectful; it may give him offence, and he may seek another lodging."

Madame Mérand listens, and then she falls off into a reverie. She does not hear what Madame Bobineau is saying about the uncertain habits of the literary lady—au premier, who forgets her dinner, and spends the whole day in the dusty old library of the Musée.

"Madame Bobineau," says the calm voice on a sudden, "Mimi is too pretty to serve in a shop. Why don't you marry her?"

"Bon!" the old, brown face is more puckered than before; "who will marry a girl without dot? And I have none to give her; I am a poor old woman, Madame Mérand, and shall scarcely leave enough behind me to pay for masses for my soul."

The old woman, so hard and callous to her fellows, grows sentimental over her friend's canary bird: it is a "jewel" "a pet;" but the endearing names which Madame Bobineau has at command are not many. She stands peering between the gay gilded wires, and Madame Mérand sits thinking. She is bending forward; her handsome face rests in the long slender hand; the eyes are so veiled by the sweeping dark lashes, that only an occasional glint betrays their light.

"I will find a husband for Mimi," she says, after awhile; and there is a hurry in the calm voice—a voice that has a way of snubbing excitement in others by its ordinary repose. "I take charge of it. Tenez, I know of one already—your lodger, the Captain Loigereau."

"Monsieur Loigereau!" Bobineau shrieks in her shrillest falsetto: "a full captain—a gentleman! he marry Mimi? My friend, you are laughing!"

"I tell you—No! Monsieur Loigereau is a good man; he is humble; he tells me everything; he has risen by his own merits; he can read, but his writing is that of an ignorant person. Well, Monsieur Loigereau is more than forty; he will have completed his full term of military service in October; he has been prudent, and he will then buy a little property in the Auvergnat. He wishes to take a wife, and he has asked me to choose him one: she must be young, and pretty, and amiable. Are you convinced now?"

"He must be a fool!" but Madame Bobineau looked round her cautiously as she said it. "He might find a woman with

a nice little sum to add to his. Ah! my friend"—she puts her skinny fingers impressively on the fair widow's plump arm—"there is nothing like money—but I must go home."

They kiss each other on both cheeks; Madame Mérand's glowing skin, like a nectarine in its rich dark tint, seems more even and velvet-like than ever against Bobineau's wrinkles.

"Au revoir," says the younger woman, "I am coming down to the Place presently."

"Nothing like money!" she murmurs, while her dark eyes follow Madame Bobineau. "Old imbecile! nothing like happiness she means."

At seventeen Madame Mérand had married her first husband, aged seventy, for money, and nothing else, so she was qualified to give her opinion.

#### V.

MIMI goes into the den and says, "Good-evening" to her employer.

Madame Bobineau looks at her sharply with those unfringed eyes of hers, and nods her head, then she calls Mimi back again in her shrill rasping voice.

The girl turns, but she does not come back.

"Come here, child. Why dost thou not tell me of Madame Mérand's goodness to thee?"

A flush steals over the delicate face, and deepens there till Mimi is rosy red.

"There is nothing to tell. Madame asked me to go and see her to-morrow evening, but she did not wait for my answer. She went away. I am not going to see her."

"Hein!"—the old wrinkled face falls on one shoulder; this whim of Mimi's is incomprehensible.

"Chut!" madame cries, shrilly; "thou art only a child, or I should be angry. Such an honour may not come again in thy life. Besides, simpleton, thou art not asked alone—thou wilt go with me. I will not listen to refusal; to-morrow at eight we visit Madame Mérand."

Mimi turned away; her high spirits rose against this tyranny, and then the natural feelings of youth pleaded its cause. There was something exhilarating in the idea of this her first soirée at St. Roque. Why should she refuse?

"I know why it is; Madame Mérand is a person I dislike. Why need she fix her great black eyes on me as if she thought I had done something wrong; it seemed as

if she did not care for my company. She only wanted to do me a kindness."

She reached her little room, au cinquième in a back street, close to the Place St. Etienne. She sate down wearily, and threw her bonnet on the bed.

"I am like the child in the story-book: I can't get cake, so I won't eat galette. What would the good scours think if they saw me so ungrateful for kindness. I have grown wicked since I left Rouen; he may not be at Madame Mérand's, and if he is there he will bow to me, and then it will be over."

Afternoon comes next day, and Madame Bobineau mounts up to her own bedroom to lay out her cap of real valenciennes lace, with its blue bows, and her black silk gown, and old-fashioned shawl. She is only upstairs half an hour; but much may happen in that time.

Mimi sits in the shop as usual—not quite; she is sewing some lace on to a band to make a frill for her throat to-night, and Monsieur Rendu comes in before she sees him.

"Oh I hope he will not come to-night," she thinks; but he comes up to the counter and asks for a pair of lavender gloves, and Mimi feels there is no hope of his absence. It is strange that this want of hope should make her feel so happy. She does not fit his gloves, but she hands him those he has chosen neatly wrapped in paper.

"Mademoiselle," says Rendu, his quick eyes have detected Madame's absence through the open door, "I——." Here he stops, as embarrassed as the blushing girl behind the counter. "Mademoiselle, I will have, if you please, another pair."

He looks so confused, so embarrassed, that Mimi smiles. She cannot help it; it is so wonderful to see Monsieur Rendu nervous and blushing like herself.

He sees the smile and grows yet redder—takes the gloves, pays for them hastily, and leaves the shop with a formal bow to Mimi.

"Cold!" the young man says to himself; "she is a thousand times worse: she is sarcastic, she laughs at me—she is heartless! I will buy my gloves somewhere else. I will not be laughed at."

Mimi is puzzled at herself.

"He changes so! I was quite feeling glad that he would be at Madame Mérand's, and then when I saw his proud face I was more afraid of him than ever. Why do I think of him at all? It is always him—him—him! I hope he will not be there."

## VI.

AT Madame Merand's, where the young girl, in her simple white dress, is only stared at by the guests, she feels as if a damp dull mist has fallen on her enjoyment. There is no one in the room nearly as young as Monsieur Rendu; there is deaf Monsieur Le Petit and his chattering wife, and Monsieur Leroux, who takes snuff every five minutes, while little fat Monsieur Martin holds him by the button and talks politics, rising to the tips of his boots and sinking his voice to a whisper each time he quotes a dangerous opinion.

These are all; but a little later the door of the large low room is thrown open, and in walks an officer in full uniform. "Monsieur le Capitaine Loigereau," shouts Ferdinand. The captain is short and stout, with a face like a full moon. He is bald, too, and has little hair besides his moustaches; and as he holds his head very erect, he has the air of a grocer's image in the act of making a summersault backwards.

Mimi is surprised, and a little elated, when this gentleman with the epaulettes is presented to her — still more when he con-verses.

She has not seen him in the shop. Monsieur Loigereau does not affect gloves and perfumes; his idea of happiness is to be in the open air, within sight of green trees and fields, if he can find them.

"Does — mademoiselle — like — trees?" he puffs out each word separately like the snort of a steam-engine.

"Yes, but I have seen so few."

"Mademoiselle has been in the Cours Caffarelli?"

"No, monsieur," Mimi sighs. She has often longed for an evening walk beside the river; but Madame Bobineau has told her she cannot go there alone. She is surprised when the old woman joins in —

"I will take thee there on Sunday, Mimi, after vespers."

Mimi wonders why the captain smiles and looks pleased.

"Certainly I have enjoyed myself," says Mimi, when she reaches her lodging; "that captain is a kind old man. How good of him to take the old Bobineau home!"

## VII.

NEXT morning is market-day. Monsieur Rendu meets Monsieur Loigereau with an enormous bouquet.

"Aha, Monsieur le Capitaine, that is for some fair lady!" and Rendu laughs a little too merrily perhaps at the round cap-

tain, with his crimson trowsers and full-coloured nosegay.

"Monsieur," says the captain, scarlet to his ears, "it is indeed for the lady who is to be my wife."

Monsieur Rendu asks pardon, and goes on without even wondering who is the object of the captain's devotion.

The captain stumps along on his sturdy little legs to the corner of the Place; he will be late at breakfast, but he must do his duty.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle!" he goes into the shop and presents the bouquet to Mimi, with a grace that could not have been expected from him. Mimi is delighted. The captain is neither confused nor hesitating. Good man! He is taking a preliminary step in his wooing; he means to get that over quickly, but he will do it all en règle.

He talks to Mimi, asks after Madame Bobineau — who peeps at him meanwhile from an ingenious little hole in the curtain, — gives a military salute, and departs.

Madame Bobineau enters all agog to know what he has said.

"See," the young girl blushes with delight, "is not this a beautiful nosegay? The Captain Loigereau is a kind, good gentle-man."

"Ma foi! I think so;" Bobineau frowns a little. "It is wasteful; a one-franc bouquet would have pleased thee just as well, and he has paid at least three. Put it in water, child, it will die else."

Mimi places her precious treasure near her, so that she can take her fill of gazing, and enjoy the exquisite fragrance — the roses are so sweet; she had never had such a nosegay of her own before. Mimi is a child yet, spite of her sad, lonely life; and when madame retreats to her web, the girl dances for joy behind the counter.

## VIII.

IT is that serious moment in the life of a Frenchman, the dinner hour — the five o'clock table d'hôte, at the Hotel St. Barbe; the bell is ringing loudly. In troop the regular town diners, far outnumbering the denizens of the inn itself. Some of these last are English; they come into the room as if they were ashamed of themselves, and take the place the waiter points out, as if they got them by favour, but having accomplished the agony of entrance and placing, they cock their chins up and snuff the air, and give the company to understand, by pitying glances and disparaging remarks made aloud, but supposed only to be heard by their own party, that this is a very different sort of thing indeed to what

they are used to. If these observations are made in French, they are safe to be unintelligible to the "natives"; but if the Britisher speaks English, he has a way of disguising his language in a hope of thus making himself comprehended, especially when he asks for "pell-ell."

Monsieur Loigereau looks more like a full moon than ever to-day, he is so beaming. As he goes out from dinner a few significant words pass between him and the widow.

"Madame," says the captain, with effusion, "I am a happy man, and you must allow me to thank you for my happiness."

The widow places her slender fingers in his chubby palm, and a solemn "shake hands" is exchanged.

"I congratulate you from my heart," says the widow, as he rolls away.

Her eyes come back from following the captain and meet the honest blue gaze of Monsieur Rendu. He is puzzled. He has only half-heard; is the widow then the object of Monsieur Loigereau's adoration?

Madame Mérand reads his thoughts as easily as print.

"Is he not good, our captain? I am so happy in his happiness! I must not tell secrets,"—she puts her head on one side, and steals a long soft glance from under her lashes; "and yet I would like to tell you. I think you know the girl; and you, perhaps, take an interest in her, as I do." She watches his face, and she draws her breath hard at the eager intelligence that flashes in his eyes.

"Yes, it is the shop-girl of Madame Bobineau. Poor little thing! she is so glad and grateful. He was telling me of her delight at a present he made this morning."

But Rendu is looking at his watch.

"Pardon, madame, I have an appointment this evening."

The widow does not like this haste; but "The sharper the medicine, the sooner the patient is cured," she says: "if he once realises that Mimi belongs to some one else, his infatuation will be over."

#### IX.

MONSIEUR RENDU hurries along; he feels almost savage joy when he sees the captain's crimson legs rolling into café. At any rate, he shall find Mimi alone. But he feels stung—sore all over. He knew she was a shop-girl, but it is different to hear her called one by Madame Mérand; shop-girls are not always as guileless as he had imagined Mimi to be. This man is old enough to be her father, and she is going to sell herself to him.

Rendu grinds his teeth as he reaches the shop. Yes, there is the bouquet, and as he stands on the doorstep, hesitating, Mimi bends her face over the flowers and seems to kiss them.

But Madame Bobineau is not upstairs today; she sees the young man's approach, and comes out into the shop to greet him.

"How is the weather, monsieur?" she asks. "I am praying for a fine Sunday. I have promised to go for a walk; and you, too, monsieur, you care that it should be fine on Sunday?"

"I?" says Rendu, and then; "oh, yes, I am going to Cabourg."

"Aha!" says Bobineau, slyly, "we know all about that, Monsieur, we wish you a happy day,—don't we, Mimi?"

Mimi looks up, with her innocent wondering eyes, at the furiously blushing Alphonse. She wonders a little at madame's unwanted notice.

"Yes," she says, simply; "I am sure you will be happy." The poor child has never seen the sea, but she is glad for him to have such a pleasure.

He turns on her in bitter anger:

"I wish you happiness, too, mademoiselle. You love flowers, I see."

"Oh, yes; so much—so very much!" His look and words stir her heart strangely; she is frightened, and yet she wishes Madame Bobineau away. If she and Monsieur Rendu could be left alone just one little five minutes she would get courage, and he would be again as kind, as gentle as he used to be.

"He must not be angry with me," thinks the poor child; "if he is not kind I shall die." By way of hiding her great trouble she hides her face in her roses.

When she raises it Rendu has turned away; he is speaking to some one on the steps.

"Aba, my friend!" says the captain, "I congratulate you. I hope you and Madame Mérand will have a fine day at Cabourg. Don't you congratulate me?" This is said lower, and ends in a hearty laugh, in the midst of which the captain advances into the shop.

It seems to Mimi as if she and the world are turning round: Madame Mérand—that proud, beautiful woman!—then all this while Monsieur Rendu has "loved her—her, ah!" sighs the child, "He has been loving her while I thought—oh, what have I not thought!"

The captain talks to Madame Bobineau: "That will be a fine marriage, will it not? I have for some time had my suspicions; but now it is, I believe, decided—she is very handsome, and he is a worthy young

man. Do you consider Madame Mérand handsome, mademoiselle?"

Mimi does not know how she answers: her heart swells and nearly chokes her, she wants to run away. She could push the captain aside in her despair and rush along the street without her bonnet. The captain requests permission to shake hands with her, and she hears him ask madame, in a grave, formal voice, if he may call on her to-morrow evening.

## X.

**MIMI.** Madame Mérand, and Alphonse Rendu sleep little that night. The widow is easy as to Mimi; she feels sure that the orphan will be compelled to marry the captain, but she is uneasy about her lover.

"Chut!" she said, "it is my love that makes me distrustful; a man does not yield himself up for love alone, and I have much to offer besides myself;" she winces, and then she smiles. "I know I am enough for any man, but if every one looks for something besides the wife in marriage, why should not he? I am too guarded with him — to-morrow — ah, to-morrow! — in that long drive we shall be all in all to each other."

Saturday is a long weary day to Madame Mérand. In the evening comes Monsieur Le Petit to say he will be at the door at nine o'clock next morning. It is a gray, misty morning, and as they drive along beside the Orne, the many spired city looks phantom-like, looming between the long poplar alleys.

The drive is silent, Monsieur and Madame Le Petit in front, Madame Mérand and Monsieur Rendu behind. But after a hearty good breakfast at Monsieur Le Petit's cottage, the party stroll on to the sands in a more sociable humour. Monsieur Le Petit's cider is potent, and Rendu has drunk freely of it. He is so miserable, — so at variance with the whole world, that he feels the need of stimulating his spirits. As he sits by madame on the plage, he grows more and more interested in her talk; he takes more and more pleasure in looking into those dark deep eyes — soft as velvet beneath his glances; and as he gazes she becomes silent, confused, — her lashes droop, a soft warm blush rises on her cheek. Why at that dangerous moment does a vision of wondering gray eyes, with a yet softer tint rising in a fairer skin, pass between Alphonse and the widow? He cannot tell, and the involuntary question escapes him —

"Are you sure she will marry the Captain Loigereau?"

He does not see the widow; he sees only

the fair mist-like face out of which shine those pure liquid eyes — it is the contrast between a spring morning and the hot glow of an autumn sunset. He does not see the lightning glance of the jealous woman beside him flashing from the dark eyes, fierce and stormy now; he only shrinks from the stern answer —

"Come with me this evening into the Cours Caillarelli, and I will give you proof."

## XI.

"BUT, madame, I took the bouquet because I love flowers, and because it was so kind of Monsieur Loigereau."

"La, la, la!" shrieks Madame Bobineau; "thou art not a baby, Mimi; did anyone ever before offer thee a bouquet? but for my bounty thou mightest be sweeping the streets of St. Roque!"

"Ma foi, non!" says Mimi; "I could have stayed with the good sisters, and have professed." And then her fresh warm youth kindles, and she shivers at the thought of the white-washed convent and its peaceful monotony.

This talk is at madame's breakfast-table on Sunday. Yesterday she announced to Mimi that Monsieur Loigereau was her future husband, and Mimi wept and entreated, and was threatened and stormed at. She would not submit; but when Madame Bobineau represented that, as her nearest relative, the law gave her power over her, and that if she proved stubborn she would have her shut up in the Asyle (the Asyle of St. Roque is a refuge for fallen women), the poor child grew terrified at the threat.

So she sits, with a shy downcast face, when Monsieur Loigereau comes; and with much disgust she lets him kiss her hand when he goes away. Poor desolate child! she has cried all through the night, and now she sits writhing beside Madame Bobineau.

She balances her life while she listens: is it so very happy, that she should shrink from the prospect of a nice little house and garden, with flowers — flowers as plentiful as her heart can desire?

"And life will be worse than ever when she is his wife," she sighs.

"Yes, madame," says Mimi desperately; "c'est bien — leave me in peace, and I will marry the captain."

She endures a rasping of her smooth cheeks by those fac-similes of the peach-stone, and much good advice. The day drags along wearily; after vespers they find Monsieur Loigereau in the church porch.

He gives one arm to madame, the other to Mimi, and they march off to the Cours Caffarelli. The band is playing here, and people are moving up and down, chatting and laughing under the trees. Mimi's heart is heavy, or she would enjoy the merry scene: groups of laughing children jumping round their mothers, young girls and their sweethearts whispering in the shade, old people sitting on the benches, watching the lights of the town twinkling in the water—twinkling first like rare glowworms, or, as Mimi thinks, like the first blush of love; then, as darkness grows and lamps multiply, the radiance shoots along the waters in rays of living fire, "and the water does not quench it," sighs the poor heart-struck child, — "nothing can quench it till death."

Madame Le Petit seizes on her gossip, and Mimi walks up and down alone with Monsieur Loigereau. He is more intent on showing off his prize than on talking. Presently they turn, and come face to face with Madame Mérand and M. Rendu. The two eldest greet each other warmly; Mimi and Rendu are dumb.

"Come," says Loigereau, "have you not a word of congratulation for me and ma-moisselle?"

Rendu bows, and then passes on. Monsieur Loigereau is hailed by two comrades; he turns to look at Mimi, but she is gone.

"She does not like being stared at, the little dove," says the good captain; "but she should not run away."

### XII.

MEANTIME, RENDU walks up and down with the widow in moody, determined silence, till she expresses a wish to go home.

"Adieu! monsieur," she says when they reach the inn. "I am sadly unfortunate. I thought to give you a day's pleasure, and I have given you pain. Forgive me; I tried to make you happy." Her shining eyes are full of tears; she holds out her ungloved hand.

Rendu is moved. Here is a woman laying her heart at his feet, and he neglects her for the thought of one who has never shown him any kindness, who openly prefers the Captain Loigereau.

"Madame, forgive me! I will try and deserve your goodness." He prints a warm kiss on the slender hand, but he is gone before the widow answers.

He goes on heavy-hearted, to the Place St. Etienne. It is late, the Place is in utter solitude. He is too full of tumult and anxious thought to light a cigar. The moon is fuller still than on the first night we saw

Monsieur Rendu; but she is hidden behind a mass of dark clouds.

The young man paces up and down—up and down; but his tumult does not calm. Presently the clouds drift, and the pure, bright moon shines down. But there is no comfort in her light; he wishes the clouds would come back; he found a refuge in the darkness.

Surely he hears a sob! But the Place is empty; no one could hide from the broad moon-light. Suddenly Rendu remembers the double row of limes, forming a bocage all along the Place. He darts into it, and the sobs grow more distinct. But it is so dark that at first he does not make out a figure crouched on a bench, some way down the bocage.

### CONCLUSION.

MIMI does not return, and Monsieur Loigereau grows anxious, and he is not satisfied by Madame Bobineau's assurance that Mimi has gone home tired. He resolves to go to her lodging and ascertain her safety.

"No; Mademoiselle Lalange has not been home since the morning," says the little girl who opens the door to him.

Loigereau's face flushes scarlet; but he has not taken twenty of his rolling steps from the house when he meets Mimi herself, arm in arm with Monsieur Alphonse.

The captain grows redder still, and begins some very angry words. He is not allowed to finish. Rendu grasps one hand, and Mimi clasps the other between her little soft fingers.

"Monsieur!" Rendu's voice trembles with feeling; "forgive us,—we beg your pardon, you have been hardly used. I have been a blind fool, and —"

"And I, monsieur," says the trembling girl's voice, "am much worse, for I only said I would marry you because Madame vowed to send me to the Asyle——"

The captain stares, but he behaves like a wise man. He forgives the young couple heartily; bids them go home, and promises to make peace with the Bobineau and with Madame Mérand.

The first achievement was not very difficult; and the good captain did not quit Madame Bobineau until she had named a day for the marriage of the young couple; but when he told his news to Madame Mérand and saw the widow's flashing eyes and quivering nostrils, Loigereau grew indignant.

"Madame, I have given up my hopes, why should you be less generous. Monsieur Rendu is not actually your fiancé—would you retain a man who loves another?"

He draws closer, and looks seriously in the angry face.

"Chattering, meddling fool!" says the widow, "take that;" and she gives him a box on the ear, which sounds even out on the street.

The captain puts one hand to his face

and the other on his sword, his small eyes blaze, and then he smiles.

"Ma foi! madame, I thank you. I am consoled; if a calm woman of thirty can so imitate a tiger-cat, what might not my little untrained shop-girl have done? I have the honour, madame, to wish you adieu!"

From All the Year Round.

THE ELVES AND THE CHILDREN.

THREE little ones sit in a flowery mead,  
In the twilight grey;  
At home their mother is making their bed,  
"Where linger they?"  
With laughing cheeks rosy  
They skip to and fro,  
Where the flowers upgrow,  
In a dewy Whitsun posy.  
  
Down, down the mountain three Elf maids reel,  
From the fir-crown'd height.  
Mists thicken, each rides on her spinning wheel;  
Their raiments white  
In the air are flowing;  
Each fairy shoe  
Just brushes the dew  
From the tops of flowers fresh blowing.  
  
They sing so sweetly; they sing to the three,  
"Hail, children at play!  
Come, put your hands in ours, and flee  
To a home more gay,  
Under the mountain olden;  
And the ivory row  
Of nine pines throw  
Over with bowls pure golden.  
  
"Join ye! O join ye us maidens three,  
O join ye, and all  
Shall pluck the blossoms o' gold, and see  
The song birds small,  
While merrily, merrily, singing;  
Building their bowers  
Of lily flowers,  
And pearls like seeds upspringing."  
  
The little ones wax so heavy in mind,  
Smile so dreamily,  
They are whirled along on the rising wind,  
But sleep all three.  
The earth shuts above them,  
As swiftly they fall,  
To the Elfin Hall,  
Ah, woe to the folk that love them!

Upon the morrow the father runs  
To the fir-crown'd hill,  
The elves have stolen his little ones,  
And guard them still!  
Green grass is creeping  
Above their golden hair;  
Soundly they slumber there.  
But above there is wailing and weeping.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIX. 838

RAPIDITY AT WHICH EXCITATION IS PROPAGATED ALONG THE MOTOR NERVES OF MAN.—PROF. HELMHOLTZ has communicated to the *Monatsbericht of the Berlin Academy*, 1870, p. 184, the results of some new measurements which have been carried out by M. Baxt, which can claim a greater exactness than the earlier researches of Helmholtz, Schelske, Hirsch, Kohlrausch, de Jaager, and von Wittich, owing to the entire elimination of the physical activity of the experimenter. The ascertained rapidity of the excitation varies between about 30 and 90 metres per second; and the rapidity is also found to be greater in summer than in winter. This result led to a more exact observation of the influence of temperature, which is ascertained by the artificial cooling or warming of the arm. By this means the accelerating influence of a higher temperature has been clearly determined; so that the interval of time between an impulse of the voluntary power and the corresponding movement of the muscle is greater in winter than in summer.

THE JEWS' PRAYER-BOOK.—The Jews are revising their "Prayer-book." At the late Jewish Synod, held at Leipsic, the following was resolved: "No bitter or harsh expression shall be contained in any of the prayers under revision or to be newly composed; the contents shall embrace all human beings of the universe, and nothing shall be said therein with regard to the chosen people which might in the least offend our brethren of another creed. On the other hand, the new prayers, or those under revision, shall lay stress upon the religious mission of Israel, the providential guidance in its history, the fundamental Mosaic principles of progressive development, a future universal knowledge of the Almighty's commands, a love of peace, justice, and humanity."

THE most terrible *mot* yet uttered about this war is one reported by the correspondent who supplies *Blackwood* with a spirited original description of Forbach: "*L'Empire c'est la paix; certainement ce ne pas la guerre.*"

From *The Spectator.*

#### THE MALMESBURY CORRESPONDENCE.\*

DURING the leisure of Opposition, Lord Malmesbury has followed up his publication of the "Political Diaries and Correspondence" of his grandfather, the first Earl, by that of a second series of letters, on topics social as well as political, from amongst his family papers, it having been, he tells us, the habit of his house during three generations "to preserve and arrange almost all the letters which they received from their relations and acquaintances." The result is a work of much more varied interest than the former one, perhaps especially as respects the first volume. The three-quarters of a century over which it extends exhibit a more extraordinary change in the condition of the Western world than probably any other seventy-five years in its previous history, except perhaps, so far as relates to this country, the first seventy-five of the seventeenth century. Of the series itself it is enough to say that it begins with Lady Shaftesbury's picture of Handel, "dejected, wan, and dark, sitting by, not playing on, the harpsichord," and closes in the midst of Queen Caroline's trial.

It would require a much larger space than a weekly journal can spare to do justice to the political correspondence in these volumes, much of which, both as respects matters of internal interest, such as Canning's duel and resignation, and as respects the Continental war, is of considerable value. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves here to the social side of the work, which will be probably the most interesting to the greater number of readers. It is in the first volume that details of social interest most abound; and it affords a vivid and, on the whole, very pleasing picture of the mode of life of a well-to-do English gentleman, well connected and mixed up with public affairs, in the middle of the last century. James Harris, the scholar, the father of the first Earl, was M.P. for Christchurch, and entered office as a Lord of the Admiralty in 1762, holding various other places till his death in 1780. He and his were passionate Handelians, and at their family mansion in Salisbury — held, the present Earl tells us, by the Harrises under the Church since the Restoration — they used to receive the best artists, give concerts, and have private theatricals, on an apparently elaborate scale. But we must

say that what there is of interest seems to us chiefly to centre in or cluster round the mother of the first Earl, Mrs. Harris. — a Miss Clarke, of a Somersetshire family. Indeed, it is not too much to say that from henceforth it will be impossible to do justice to that remarkable series of clever Englishwomen who figure so conspicuously in the social life of the eighteenth century without including in it the name of Mrs. James Harris. For a long time we see her only as a name (like her immortal homonym in Charles Dickens), more particularly through the letters to her of her brother-in-law, the Rev. W. Harris, a courtly parson, chaplain and secretary to the Bishop of Salisbury, who keeps the lady well informed not only as to the progress and defeat of the rebellion of '45, the debates in the House of Lords on the Continental war, the trials of the Jacobite rebels, or, again, as to the matches and breaches in high life, but as to the ladies' and gentlemen's dresses at drawing-rooms, — telling her, for instance, how, on October 30, 1745 : —

"The Princess Amelia had on a white silk, flowered with all sorts of colours, very gay, but not fine nor elegant; Princess Caroline's was a pink, with flowers of green, yellow, and silver, which looked extremely beautiful, and was, in my poor judgment, by far the handsomest suit of any I saw; Lady Gower was the richest in her dress. . . . . Lady Cardigan. . . . . excelled as to jewels. . . . The Venetian Ambassador drew most people's attention by somewhat of singularity both in her air and dress. . . . . Lord Kildare was unexceptionably the finest of any gentleman there," &c.

It is only in 1763 that we meet with a letter of Mrs. Harris herself, addressed to her son, the future Earl, then at Oxford; and the last one from her which is inserted dates from 1780. Though fond of all her children, James seems evidently to have been her darling, as is indicated by a passage like the following: — "I am greatly obliged for your intended present; I am impatient to see it; whatever comes from you is a treasure to me." She keeps him informed of everything, from drawing-rooms, theatres, concerts, visits, to ministerial appointments, debates, and divisions in either House, dubious political trials, Ranelagh or Winchester riots, and even to the figures of the budget. So fresh, and bright, and varied, indeed, is this series of letters, that we could suggest to Lord Malmesbury the reprinting it in a separate volume. Let us cull some extracts from it at random for the reader: —

\* A Series of Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury, his Family and Friends, from 1745 to 1870. Edited, with Notes, &c., by his Grandson, the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1870.

*"Cottenham and the Fen-country in 1763.*

"Your father and I both agreed we would not spend a summer at Cottenham to have the Dean's parsonage; it is surrounded with fens, and you are teased beyond expression by the gnats. When we got here, about nine on Saturday, the Dean's butler came to your father with a pair of leatheren stockings to draw on so as to protect his legs; which in hot weather is dreadful. Besides this, the beds have a machine covered with a sill net which lets down after you are in bed, and covers you all over. Without this, there could be no sleeping; for notwithstanding all these precautions, we were most miserably stung. There are 1,400 cows kept in the parish of Cottenham, which feed on the fens in the summer. The water is, in this dry season, up to their bellies. The natives dry the cow-dung for firing in the winter, so 'tis kept in heaps about the fields, as is also the dung of their yards. So when you walk the stink is inconceivable. Mr. Harris . . . . talked with the natives, who told him that during the winter the water was constantly above their ankles in their houses."

*"A Bon Mot of Wilkes's (1763).*

"Mr. Wilkes never loses an opportunity of ridiculing the Scotch. Some one observing that as there were no trees in Scotland there could be no birds, he replied, 'G—d, sir, not at all, I have seen three magpies perched on one thistle.'"

*"A Bath Riot of Ladies and Gentlemen (1769).*

"There has been a most violent combustion at the Bath; a Major Brereton and a Mr. Plomer were candidates to succeed Mr. Derrick" [as Master of the ceremonies]; "Brereton was chosen, and Mr. Plomer's friends protested against it; the subscription was opened again, and Plomer was chosen. I am not clear as to the particulars, but there was a prodigious riot in the rooms last Tuesday se'nnight, in which the ladies joined as well as the gentlemen. Mrs. Hillman, our acquaintance, and Mrs. Orme (Lady Townshend's daughter) had a fight, and Mrs. Hillman was knocked down; in short, things were carried to such a pitch, that the Mayor, his brethren, and a number of constables entered the room. The proclamation was read three times; 'tis said that the last reading was to the ladies only."

*"Masquerades (1771).*

"Your sisters and I were last night at the masquerade at the theatre in the Haymarket, given by the gentlemen of Arthur's. . . . I, by choice, like always to go where they go, but I make no merit of attending them to a masquerade, for it amuses me more than any diversion, thanks to my friends in my younger days; for had I been permitted to go to them at that time, my relish for them would have been ended long before this."

*"A 'Horsey' Squire (1771).*

"The day after we spent at Dinton. Nothing is done there, except disparking a pretty park which his father had made. The squire came into the court to survey our horses not us; the first salutation he gave us was, " You have broke one of your splinter-bars," fixed his eyes on the horses, and left us to get out of the coach as we could. . . . Not a single person at dinner but we five; our conversation was chiefly of grass and dogs. We were relieved soon after dinner by the arrival of a Parson Waterman, who is a droll kind of animal, was perfectly easy, and was as soon acquainted with us as if he had been a Frenchman. He is well versed in all the Salisbury journals, but he says by living so much out of the world he is at a loss to fill up all the blanks relative to the scandal in that [sic] paper, so we gave him all the proper information on that head. So much for rural felicity!"

*"Highway Robbery in St. James's Square (1773).*

"A most audacious fellow robbed Sir Francis Holburne and his sisters in their coach, in St. James's Square, coming from the opera. He was on horseback, and held a pistol close to the breast of one of the Miss Holburnes for a considerable time. She had left her purse at home, which he would not believe. He has since robbed a coach in Park Lane."

*"Ladies' Feathers (1775).*

"Lady Harriet Stanhope. . . . has lately been in France with Lady Ailesbury and Mrs. Damer; they have returned in fine feathers, but the Duchess of Devonshire has still the highest. One lady tried all places to get one longer than the Duchess, but without success, till she luckily thought of sending to an undertaker: he sent word his hearse were all out, but they were expected home in a few days, and then he hoped to accommodate her ladyship."

*"Dr. Johnson and 'Boozzy' (1775).*

"Tuesday, Dr. Johnson, his fellow-traveller through the Western Isles, Mr. Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds dined here. I have long wished to be in company with this said Johnson; his conversation is the same as his writing, but a dreadful voice and manner. He is certainly amusing as a novelty, but seems not possessed of any benevolence, is beyond all description awkward, and more beastly in his dress and person than anything I ever beheld. He feeds nastily and ferociously, and eats quantities most unthankfully. As to Boswell, he appears a low-bred kind of being."

*"An Incident of the Duchess of Kingston's Trial (1776).*

"Mrs. Egerton . . . spared nobody. She said that the night before the last day of trial, after Sir Francis Molyneux" [Usher of the Black Rod] "had been some hours in bed (for

he slept at Kingston house), he got up in a most violent fright, ran out of his room with nothing on but his shirt, caught a housemaid in his arms, crying out, "The Duchess is gone off!" The maid said he might see the Duchess, for she was not undressed, as the Councillors had just left her, but recommended his putting on some other garment. So, in his hurry, he threw his powdering dress over his shoulders, and went to the Duchess's room, after which he went down and "saw that all his tall beastly fellows were on duty," and then went to bed again."

We will extract no further, but simply add that the reflex action of the mother's fresh cheerfulness may be observed in her son himself, whose letters to her are often positively lively, though such a quality is by no means characteristic of his general correspondence, and altogether vanishes in later days. It must, indeed, be observed that but few private letters from the first Earl during his diplomatic career abroad are recorded, the editor assigning this curious reason for their scarcity, "that at that time our Ministers abroad dared only to write the most insignificant matter by post, and that the Foreign Office had a department through which all letters brought by official messengers passed an ordeal. Our public servants could write freely to one another at their respective missions by their couriers, but were very shy of the '*Cabinet noir*' at home, and corresponded in England chiefly through chance travellers."

Though we have been obliged to leave the second volume on one side, we cannot help recommending to our readers the able and lively letters of Captain (now Sir George) Bowles, sole survivor, the editor tells us, of the writers as well as of the recipients of the published correspondence from the Peninsula. Those to whom the Duke's Peninsular career, as seen in the light of the *Wellington Despatches*, appears but as one trail of glory, may perhaps be surprised at seeing the shadow cast upon it, to the eyes of his contemporaries and fellow-soldiers, by such operations as the disastrous siege of Burgos, undertaken, against all advice, with three eighteen-pounders and four howitzers. Some letters of an early date from Lord Palmerston are also very curious and interesting, particularly those relating to his declining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and even a seat in the Cabinet with the War Department (which he eventually took) under Perceval in 1809, as well as one on the attempt to assassinate him in 1818,—an incident in his life which will be new to most readers.

We are afraid we cannot say much for

the editing of this work. Of course, there is no index. The misspellings (they cannot always be misprints) in the names of places are afflicting; "Giurgego" for "Giurgevo," "Witspeks" for "Witepsk," "Vimiero" for "Vimeira," "Guimeralns" for "Guimaraens," "Ovieda" for "Oviedo," "Sainborge" for "Saintonge," &c. Sir Harry Burrard's name is printed "Burrand" twice in one page, and Lord Malmesbury's notations either of time or of English are so peculiar that he speaks of the Duke of Wellington having *avenged* the retreat of Corunna" (January, 1809) "by a victory at Vimiero" (Vimeira, August, 1808). However, he has given the world a valuable work, and we must not be too severe upon a Peer's spelling or grammar.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
"PASSAGES FROM THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE." \*

FOR the sake of the author as well as of the subject, these volumes deserve and will doubtless obtain a hearty welcome in this country. Mr. Hawthorne as a writer of fiction reminds us of Charles Lamb as an essayist. Both authors have produced work of first-rate quality, but of a kind which is caviare to the multitude. Neither "Elia" nor Hawthorne will ever be as popular as Scott, and Dickens, and Trollope are popular. To enjoy them keenly a special taste is needed, but let the flavour of their genius be once appreciated, and it will ever afterwards be pronounced exquisite. Lamb in his own line is unapproachable, and the author of the "*Scarlet Letter*" is not likely to meet with a rival in his peculiar field.

To our thinking these Passages from Mr. Hawthorne's Note-books are even more interesting than the work which he published during his lifetime under the title of "*Our Old Home*." There is a freshness about the notes that is missing in the finished work, while in both it is easy to trace the personal characteristics of the writer—his sensitiveness, his love of all natural beauty, his tender and reverent feeling for what is old, combined with an appreciation, scarcely a part of himself perhaps, but forced upon him by his nationality, for the forms of life and government prevailing in the States. If Hawthorne had been born among us, his heart, if not his intellect would have been in favour of whatever is established and of

\* "Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." 2 vols. (London: Strahan and Co. 1870.)

whatever bears upon it the mossy greenness of age. He lacks language to express his delight in our cathedrals, in the quaint architectural charms of such cities as Oxford, Chester, and Warwick; in the old customs that still prevail in those rural districts; in the respect shown in England for whatever carries with it an authority that originated in bygone ages. "It is wicked," he writes, "to look at these solemn, old churches in a hurry;" and again he says: —

Cathedrals often make me miserable from my inadequacy to take them wholly in; and, above all, I despise myself when I sit down to describe them. And again, I admire this in Gothic architecture, that you cannot master it all at once, that it is not a naked outline, but as deep and rich as human nature itself. . . . Of all English things that I have seen methinks the churches disappoint me least. I feel, too, that there is something much more wonderful in them than I have yet had time to know and experience.

Then he notes with admiration — and, we fear, gives us on this account more praise than we deserve — the careful manner in which our meadow paths and footways are preserved from generation to generation. An American farmer, he says, would plough them over without a thought. Mr. Hawthorne observes somewhere that it is impossible to describe scenery, but his English note-books belie the assertion. No writer that we know of has ever described the special, and in a sense peerless, charms of English landscape with greater accuracy or with more tenderness of feeling. His accuracy is that of the draughtsman, his tenderness that of the poet; and it is curious to observe as he passes over the country how the landscape, although new to him, is not strange, but rather a familiar adjunct to the Old Home which he had seen in visions and dreamt of in dreams, and gained acquaintance with from many books in the new country of his birth. Of one beautiful spot he writes: — "It is entirely English, and like nothing that one sees in America, yet I feel as if I might have lived here a long while ago, and had now come back because I retained pleasant recollections of it." The contrast between the scenery of America and that of England strikes him at every turn, and almost always to the advantage of our country. Two or three instances of this may be worth quoting; in language as well as in thought, they are singularly characteristic of the writer. The following passage was written in the English lake district: —

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England — this part of England at least — on a fine summer morning. It makes one think more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright, universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages — not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the roadside, so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and afterthought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also; and so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls, and thus live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. And the climate helps them out, and makes everything moist and green and full of tender life, instead of dry and arid, as human life and vegetable life is so apt to be with us. Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can.

The next passage we mean to quote was written from Newby Bridge: —

The roads give us beautiful walks along the riverside, or wind away among the gentle hills; and if we had nothing else to look at in these walks, the hedges and stone fences would afford interest enough, so many and pretty are the flowers, roses, honey-suckles, and other sweet things, and so abundantly does the moss and ivy grow among the old stones of the fences, which would never have a single shoot of vegetation on them in America till the very end of time. But here, no sooner is a stone fence built than Nature sets to work to make it a part of herself. She adopts it and adorns it as if it were her own child. A little sprig of ivy may be seen creeping up the side and clinging fast with its many feet; a tuft of grass roots itself between two of the stones where a little dust from the road has been moistened into soil for it; a small bunch of fern grows in another such crevice; a deep, soft, green moss spreads itself over the top and all along the sides of the fence; and wherever nothing else will grow lichens adhere to the stones and variegate their hues. Finally, a great deal of shrubbery is sure to cluster along its extent, and take away all hardness from the outline; and so the whole stone fence looks as if God had had as least as much to do with it as man.

In another place he remarks in the same strain, "Nature is certainly a more genial playfellow in England than in my own country. She is always ready to lend her aid to any beautifying purpose." It would be easy to multiply passages like these, and others in which, with passionate enthusiasm, Mr. Hawthorne dilates upon the rare charms of English landscape, and of the art which has grown incorporate with it. "The beauty of English scenery," he says, "makes me desperate; it is so impossible to de-

scribe it, or in any way to record its impressions, and such a pity to leave it undescribed." And so in writing his notes on Oxford he remarks: —

I am in despair about the architecture and old edifices of these Oxford colleges — it is so impossible to express them in words. They are themselves as the architect left them, and as time has modified and improved them, the expression of an idea which does not admit of being otherwise expressed or translated into anything else. Those old battlemented walls around the quadrangles, many gables, the windows with stone pavilions, so very antique, yet some of them adorned with fresh flowers in pots — a very sweet contrast; the ivy mantling the grey stone, and the infinite repose, both in sunshine and shadow, it is as if half a dozen bygone centuries had set up their rest here, and as if nothing of the present time ever passed through the deeply recessed archway that shuts in the college from the street. Not but what people have very free admittance, and many parties of young men and girls and children came into the gardens while we were there.

All this is charming writing and delightful reading; but it is impossible by brief extracts to give an adequate notion of the picturesque interest of these volumes. It is pleasant through the unrestrained utterances of this diary to gain a knowledge of the thoughts and feelings of an accomplished American gentleman and a great literary artist with regard to the land of his forefathers. We Englishmen are so apt to disregard that which lies nearest to us that it may be well to be reminded by a foreigner of the treasures we possess in this island. Home-travel no doubt has its draw-backs; but that it has an infinite charm for those who will pursue it leisurely and are not in too great a hurry for enjoyment is evident from these delightful volumes. Mr. Hawthorne, like every man of strong feelings, has very decided predilections and antipathies. He can see little beauty in Englishwomen. He acknowledges that although there are some Englishmen whom he likes, "a cold thin medium intervenes between our most intimate approaches." He declares, which may possibly be true also of the States, that our nation is prone to arrogance and conceit. He thinks that Americans possess a quicker and more subtle recognition of genius than the English people; and, in short, as is perfectly reasonable and fitting, he prefers his own land and countrymen to ours.

In conclusion, we have a remark to make with regard to the publication of these private journals. Mr. Hawthorne, be it remembered, wrote them for his own benefit,

not for that of the public; and the responsibility of the published statements rests, therefore, with the editor. It is difficult to say exactly how far it is wise and right to produce a man's private opinion of persons whom he met with in society, and who are still living among us. Mr. Hawthorne, albeit an American, had no taint of what he terms American obtrusiveness. He was a thorough gentleman, and would never for the sake of literary capital have betrayed the confidences of private life. That this is done to any great extent in these volumes we do not say; but there is occasionally a freedom of expression with regard to the character and personal peculiarities of living men and women which we think Mr. Hawthorne would have avoided if he could have foreseen this publication of his Notes.

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From The Saturday Review.  
SHAKSPEARE ON BEAUTY.

THE admiration that we render to the genius of Shakspeare is not all consciously paid. As with a great building, so with a great genius, wherever excellence or curiosity in the parts is lost in the harmony or perfectness of the whole, admiration is unconsciously or tacitly expressed. In Shakspeare, overpowered by his dramatic force and completeness, we often lose sight of his reasoning ability and his analytical acuteness. No man leaves behind him in quantity so large an intellectual legacy as Shakspeare left, especially when the quality is rare and the variety great, without having put on record incidentally many marks of the detailed workings of his mind; and not only of his special intellectual processes or principles, but also of his tastes and sympathies. But who can say much on these matters respecting Shakspeare? Who does not feel himself to be better informed about the likes and dislikes of Falstaff, Romeo, Othello, or even Hamlet, than he is about the views and sentiments of their originator? The reason is that the genius of Shakspeare was not only profoundly dramatic, but profoundly faithful to dramatic requirement. And thus he becomes individually lost; lost doubly, in the completeness and the variety of his dramatic creations. But though lost to surface study and indiscriminating observation — lost, in short, to that hasty and unsatisfactory character known as the "general reader" — there is no reason why he should not be found, if carefully searched after. In other words, the works of Shakspeare do actually contain traces,

more or less distinct, of what he thought and felt on a great variety of subjects, and by setting these indications side by side a united whole may be gained which tells us a good deal about his mind and heart in this or that. We propose in these remarks to examine how he wrote, and to infer as nearly as may be how he thought, on the subject of personal beauty.

We think it was Lord Chesterfield who once described personal beauty as "a good letter of introduction." Good looks certainly do the work of such letters very well in a great number of instances; but the description will be felt to be mean, feeble, and inadequate. Shakspeare would not have endured it for a moment. He might have put it for dramatic purposes into the mouth of a calculating Iago or a cynical Jaques; but it is the last thing that he himself would have accepted as a description of beauty, for his thoughts ran altogether on another level. They may not win general acceptance just now. It is possible that they may incline some readers to ask, as George III. once asked of Miss Burney (in confidence), "Was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakspeare?" But they are, notwithstanding, on a level which no one would be the worse for trying to reach once more. Beauty, in his conception, was, in the first place, one of the great prime gifts of life. He is continually given to rank it among these. He classes it with

## Wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, . . . .

with education, youth, honesty, worth, courage, and wisdom. Like all of these, it is to be regarded more as a trust than as a gift. It may be disfigured and wasted, a thing which it is criminal to allow; or increased and transmitted, which is not a matter of caprice, but a duty. Whatever view may be held about the Sonnets in general, no one who knows well that exquisite and difficult series of poems will have much doubt that the reiterated injunctions to perpetuate the great endowment of beauty by transmission, which abound in the first twenty or thirty sonnets, are something more than the expression of a wish regarding a particular case, and represent general and permanent persuasions.

Like those other prime personal faculties or acquisitions, beauty is also, in Shakspeare's view, a potent influencer. It is sometimes mysteriously powerful for evil.

## Beauty is a witch

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

It "provoketh thieves sooner than gold"; it often makes women proud, and men effeminate. On the other hand, it can and ought to exercise a sovereignty for good—sovereignty, because it is itself hedged round with a kind of regal divinity.

Beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

If it drove Angelo into insane and reckless villainy, it more often "reclaims the tyrant," and wins "respect" and "privilege." It can shame the purse-proud into submission, and it can annihilate time.

A withered hermit, fivescore winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if newborn,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

We have so far spoken only of the relations and the influence of beauty. There is no dramatic poet who writes so clearly, so consistently (within reasonable limits), and so nobly as Shakspeare does about its nature and quality. Every now and then it suits him to write hyperbolically, as when the servant in *Troilus and Cressida* calls, not beauty in the abstract only, but the actual embodied Helen, "love's invisible soul." But Shakspeare's own thought and feeling about the nature of beauty was exactly the opposite of this. A score of passages show that he habitually conceived of it as a kind of semi-corporeal essence, the soul or vital principle of which is goodness. We do not care to inquire how far this was due to the higher influences of Euphemism, or to the mysticism of Italian poets. For like everything else that he touched, he had made these thoughts essentially his own; and they had been removed by him (though at this time of day they may look almost too delicate for common use) out of the region of the transcendental, and worked into the relations of actual and practical life. In *Measure for Measure*, the loftiest in some respects of all the Shakspearian dramas, the Duke tells Isabella that "the goodness that is cheap in beauty (in other and less appropriate words, venality in beauty) makes beauty brief in goodness (shortlived); but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it fair for ever." Antonio, in *Twelfth Night*, mistaking Viola for Sebastian, and bitterly believing himself disowned, tells the supposed fair traitor that he has "done good feature shame":—

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be called deform'd but the unkind;  
*Virtue is beauty;* but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Elizabeth of York, in a quick agony of suspense while discoursing with Richard of her daughter, talks in the same breath of "staining her beauty" and "corrupting her manners." Troilus dreams of constancy, the embodiment of goodness in many kinds, as

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.

And the living death of false beauty is likened in Bassanio's lips to the display of borrowed tresses,

The crisped snaky golden locks  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind  
Upon supposed fairness,

when all the while they are dissevered from what was their original and only source of life — "the skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

These with Shakspeare are not transient whimsical phrases. They are his habitual thoughts. They are put into the mouths of the most various characters, and they are intensified by some of his most powerful writing. They differ from the Platonic and Spenserian phantasies so pleasantly discoursed upon by Charles Lamb in the essay on Mrs. Conradry. Delicate and true as these are, there is an air of ingenuousness about them by reason of which they strike less directly home. In them the virtuous soul is the cause of a beautiful exterior, provided always that the material is plastic enough. But the doctrine that the exterior beauty is proportioned to the internal intellectual light is too glaringly contrary to facts to be impressive; and the saving provision that some material is so obstinate that it cannot be worked upon is too general and too elastic. In Shakspeare the beautiful exterior is not attempted to be accounted for; but the laws of its life and death, its durability and decay, are delineated with a fineness and precision of thought which genius might inspire, but which nothing but virtuous soundness of nature could dictate and render habitual.

If, however, we have mentioned Spenser's "Hymne in Honour of Beautie" with a slightly unfavourable contrast on a particular point, it is impossible to end without stopping again to extol it. There is one thought pervading it in which the two great Elizabethan contemporaries could not but agree — in which perhaps all the greatest mediæval and modern poets have agreed — and that is, the immortality of beauty. The line in Keats —

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever —

has performed such severe and unremitting duty as a quotation that we are ashamed once more to recall it. But perhaps it is not very common to recollect that the words, and the whole passage where they stand, indicate a thought which is instinctive in natures of a certain degree of feeling and perception, and which has been seized and embodied by the loftiest minds in their loftiest moods. Keats is possessed primarily by the thought of the abiding *effect* of things beautiful; but he also conveys what Shakspeare and Spenser and Milton express again and again — the idea of permanency in beauty itself, its association in the mind, not with what is transient, but with what is eternal. We all know what it is to grudge even the passing of a beautiful day —

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die;

we wish to hold fast the "shapes of sky or plain"; and, moved by a stronger instinct still, we cannot lose without unwillingness the present light and glory of personal human beauty. Permanency is not only the thought or emotion of reflecting minds on fronting beauty; it is more than that; it is the blind intuition even of natures that never were and never will be able to compass in thought such abstractions as beauty or permanency at all. Reflection, stimulated perhaps rather than dulled by frequent loss and familiar disappointment, casts about to find what the elements of permanency may be, and the great poets, "in clear dream and solemn vision," have found it, and declare it to be the prime germ of beauty, its life and soul. Call it what you will — grace, virtue, goodness — this "*l'âme intellectuel, piena d'amore*" is the real remedy of lesser of decay in beauty, the guarantee of perpetuity; it casts a "beam upon the outward shape."

And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal.

And Shakspeare, whenever he has occasion to do more than merely transmit the name of beauty through his verse, is never far from thoughts like these. He is always ready to pass from the outward to the inward; from the form to the idea; from the corporeal reflection to the inextinguished ray which

Is heavenly-born and cannot die;  
Being a parcel of the purest skie.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
SOME POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR.

FIRST of all, Europe has been confronted by a new and startling fact. A colossal military Power has unexpectedly risen up among us. We say has unexpectedly risen up, because the most favourable estimates of the Prussian military organization had not prepared us for anything like the reality. Many people thought that the result of a war between Prussia and France would be to displace the latter from the position of military pre-eminence she was supposed to have regained under the Second Empire. But if the contest ends as it has begun, it will do very much more than this. It promises to place Prussia in a position such as France has never held except under Louis XIV. and under Napoleon I. There is much the same sort of difference between this and the position France has lately claimed to hold as there is between the Ultramontane theory of St. Peter's supremacy and the Anglican theory of his primacy. As a military Power France has been, as theologians would say, *primus inter pares*, and the utmost that was looked for from the war was the transfer of this pre-eminence to Prussia. But the utter collapse of the French army, supposing it really to take place, carries with it something very different. With France disposed of, Prussia will be the possessor of an unchallenged supremacy over every other Power taken singly. England certainly could not stand up against her. Austria failed to do so when Prussia was weaker than she is now. Russia may some day have the necessary strength, but at present, according to the best accounts, she neither has nor thinks that she has it. It is too soon to determine how this sudden aggrandizement of one Power may affect the politics of Europe, but it is quite time to point out that the state of things to which it introduces us is one for which we were quite unprepared. It may be all that it is described, but certainly there cannot yet have been time enough to allow a cool observer to come to any final conclusion upon the subject. There are some reasons, no doubt, why Englishmen may fairly rejoice in a great accession to German strength, but it remains to be seen how far these special grounds for self-congratulation on their part will have to be qualified by the commonplace reflection that even Prussians are butmen, and that uncontrolled power will still perhaps be capable of abuse, though it may be wielded by Teutonic hands and guided by Teutonic brains.

It will not, however, be in England that

this fact will be soonest or most keenly felt. The victories of Prussia must awaken a far more lively interest in Russia than in any other of the neutral States. For some years past it has been the policy of the Berlin Cabinet to keep on good terms with the Czar. Family alliances made it natural and decent to do so, and there was an obvious prudence in not provoking Russian hostility until it was possible to provoke it without danger. Consequently, Prussia and France have been allowed to bid against each other at St. Petersburg, and as it was not the aim of the Russian Government that either of them should become much stronger than the other, the Czar's Ministers have been careful to encourage both a little, and neither very much. Each rumour of an alliance to be concluded between France and Russia has been followed at no long interval by hints that the relations between Russia and Prussia were never more friendly, and these again have been the forerunner of significant suggestions as to the great things France and Russia might do if they could but recognise the real identity of their interests. Now Russia has been deprived without any warning of the second string on which she has relied for the success of her archery. She will have to confront Prussia in future with no strong Power in the background ready, as well as eager, to take advantage of Prussia's attention being engaged elsewhere in order to undermine her position in Germany. If the policy of the two Governments were really one and the same, this might not be altogether disagreeable to Russia. They would agree to go their own way and to use their common strength for the attainment of their separate objects. But with the consolidation of Germany under Prussian rule the reasons for employing their common strength in this way will cease to have any weight at Berlin. So long as Prussia wanted to extend her influence in Germany Russia might have offered her the inducement of being left to do so in peace. But now that the process is virtually completed, now that Germany south of the Main as well as north of it is virtually one nation and one army, Russia has no longer this bait at her disposal. Prussia has secured all she wanted by her own unassisted strength, and any designs that Russia may entertain in the East will be judged at Berlin with no reference to the bribe that she could once have held out in the shape of a full permission to Prussia to work out her own designs nearer home.

We may look, therefore, for the assumption of a far more independent attitude

towards Russia on the part of the Berlin Cabinet as one of the most immediate results of the war, and it happens that so soon as Count Bismarck has any time to turn his thoughts in that direction he will not be without an opportunity for making this result apparent. For some time back Russia has been engaged in a species of crusade against her German subjects in the Baltic provinces. She has set herself to root out the German language and the Lutheran religion — to destroy, in fact, all the marks which have hitherto distinguished the German nationality in these provinces from the Slavonic type which she has successfully established throughout the rest of her empire. In this respect her policy has been identical with that attributed, whether truly or falsely, by the Germans to the Danish Government in Sleswick-Holstein, and consistency has already demanded that the same ultimatum should be presented at St. Petersburg as was presented at Copenhagen in 1864 — the full recognition, that is, of German claims, or the compulsory severance of the German territories. Hitherto Count Bismarck has been prudently blind to this logical necessity. He was not prepared to fight Russia, and he justly argued that Russia would listen to no interference in her internal affairs which could not be backed in the last resort by an appeal to force. The mission of Prussia as the protector of German interests in all parts of the world was therefore suffered to lie in abeyance, and the Russian government went its own way. It is not likely that this policy will be pursued any longer. The Germans of the Baltic provinces are keenly interested in the events of the war, and when they say to their Russian neighbours, on getting the news of a Prussian success, "Our troops have beaten yours," there may be something prophetic in the instinctive identification of Russia with the defeated army.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR.

THE absence of military correspondents with the French and Prussian armies — of critical, professional observers of the incidents of the great struggle between the two greatest military nations of Europe — is to be regretted not merely on account of our present loss, great as that is, but because we thus run a risk of wholly missing some of the more important lessons of the war. It is surprising how little really detailed

military information of the past and present events has yet reached us. No diligent military correspondents have hovered about the battle-fields to cull from them the instruction which they were capable of affording; the facile pen which told of the Bohemian triumphs, and which taught us so much, is perforce idle. Even the well-known correspondent who accompanied the Crown Prince has as yet been able to record little of permanent military value and interest. And yet day by day in the Alsatian battle-fields lessons of the highest importance to the soldier and to the nation are being spelt out. We may be told that it is too soon to attempt to generalize from the present struggle, that a day's events may upset all our conclusions, that, after all, the campaign is scarcely opened, that nothing absolutely decisive has yet been done. In this there is no doubt much truth. It is too soon to attempt to generalize exhaustively, or to pronounce dogmatically as to the ultimate solution of all the great problems now being worked out upon the Meuse and Moselle. We have, of course, much more to learn, and many questions are still in suspense. But it is not too soon to appeal to the experience of the present war as establishing certain facts, or as affording indications, more or less decided, of important conclusions of grave military import. We have got, at any rate, to the words of one syllable, and these it will be well to make our own before we attempt to master the more difficult lessons. For the present, we shall confine ourselves to setting forth the points which seem to be plainly proved. The instruction to be derived in this way groups itself naturally into several large divisions. There is, for example, that division which connects itself with the personnel of the contending armies, and the organization under which that personnel is directed. There is, again, the question of material of war, its efficiency and application; there is the large and important division which comprehends the various tactical considerations; there is the strategy of the campaign; there is the home application of these and various other lessons to ourselves and our soldiers. To exhaust these subjects would be to write several treatises, and no attempt of the sort will be made here. All we propose to do is to note down from time to time the points which become more or less decidedly established; thus accumulating as the war proceeds some raw material of instruction which may hereafter be usefully applied to the strengthening of our own system. It is surely not too soon to bear testimony

to the excellence and efficiency of the Prussian soldiers. This is the more important because those who, like ourselves, have advocated a reorganization of our military system on something approaching the Prussian basis have been frequently met with the statement that the reputation of this army rested upon no solid foundation. The supporters of the old standing army system, as contra-distinguished from what we may call the national military system, have urged that the successes of the Prussians in Denmark, or against an internally divided and badly administered military Power like Austria, afforded no guarantee of the success of the Prussian arms against a really first-rate military Power, against a well-trained, vigorous, compact standing army, such as that of France. All advances towards the Prussian system have been met by a depreciation of the performances of the Prussian army in Bohemia and elsewhere. Prussia was ready while her opponents were not; or she happened to be better armed; or she was inherently stronger; or the generals opposed to her were weak and incapable; or there were dissensions in the enemy's camp; or the campaign was too short to admit of sound conclusions being drawn. In fact, the Prussian military strength was hollow. Prick it with a French bayonet, and who should say that it would not go to pieces? The past few weeks will have supplied a complete answer to this criticism. The Prussian arms have achieved a series of extraordinary successes against a French army. And the French army, be it observed, has fought in some respects under what may be regarded as great advantages. It has been animated by all the first fire which lights up and almost sanctifies a popular campaign — by all the confidence of men who anticipated a decided victory. There were new and wonderful weapons, too, to exhibit their prowess; there were French generals of Italian and Algerian reputation, who for years had been studying the question which this war was destined to solve; there was an army numerically stronger, we believe, than any which France has before placed in the field. If there was numerical inferiority, there was the compensating advantage of position. There was, in brief, a military machine believed to be the highest quality, which for years had been undergoing all sorts of polishing and improvement specially in view of the occasion which had at last arrived. This was the force against which the Prussian soldier was called upon to fight. How has he acquitted himself? No one will deny that he has shown a determination, an

intrepidity, a coolness, a discipline which place him at once in the very highest military ranks. While full of a deep fury and intense national dislike of his foe, he has yet carefully subordinated his feelings to his discipline. He has not been betrayed into neglecting the lessons so admirably taught him during peace. He has not fired away all his ammunition like a *feu de joie*, or at impossible ranges; he has not trusted to unreasoning or unnecessary onsets for victory; he has not omitted to fight under cover as far as possible; he has not fought indiscriminately or blindly, although when required, as at Spikeren, he has been ready to execute assaults of the most desperate and bloody kind, and he has throughout exhibited a certain gentleness which is admirable. It seems to us, if the accounts which we have received may be relied upon, that the Prussian soldier has approached as near perfection in his conduct on the march and in action as it is possible to attain to. In gallantry he may not have surpassed the French, but he has equalled them, and he has coupled that gallantry with a discretion and a moral sobriety and quiet earnestness of purpose which the French soldier does not always seem to have exhibited. His very enthusiasm also is of a totally different character from that of his foe. Much of all this, no doubt, is natural to the Prussians; but much of it is the direct offspring of an excellent discipline. And that discipline begins, not in the army, but in the national schools.

The Prussian soldier is an important factor in the results which we have described. The military system completes and compacts what the national education has commenced. That system is essentially an intelligent one in its two main features. In the first place, it draws into the ranks a large proportion of superior recruits; in the second place, it subjects the whole army to a training of the highest character. The expression "superior recruits" is sometimes sneered at in this country by military men. They tell us that we want a soldier to do what he is told — neither more nor less. But we have never been able to comprehend why an intelligent recruit should be less likely to be amenable to discipline than one who recognizes in it nothing more than a mechanical coercive force. Is it not from our superior recruits that our non-commissioned officers are made? And we may also fairly urge that the Prussian army, which is without doubt the most intelligent in the world, is also probably at this moment the most efficient. As to the system of training, we have spoken of this on many

occasions. No one who is interested in these subjects can be ignorant of the method of field instruction in vogue in Prussia, and which we have lately happily adopted to some extent for our troops — the method of bringing large bodies of men together, not for "sham fights," but for a series of military manœuvres which are made as real as the absence of ball cartridge and of an actual enemy will permit — manœuvres by which not merely the rank and the file but the officers and generals are practised and informed. Nor can any one who is acquainted even slightly with the Prussian army believe that the discipline is otherwise than stringent. No soldiers — least of all such soldiers as the Prussians — can be made without discipline. And the product of this system — of this intelligent discipline and training — acting upon a comparatively high personnel, is the army which is now rolling back an attempted invasion by what has hitherto been regarded as the greatest regular military Power in Europe. There is another point to be observed with regard to the Prussian columns now advancing into France. They are not, as a rule, old soldiers. The older soldiers of Prussia are at present in her second line. The first lines — the columns which conquered at Saarbrücken, Woerth, and Mars-la-Tour — are composed mainly of men in their first term of short service; and yet these men seem to lack nothing of the finer qualities of veteran soldiers. Further, these columns derive much of their momentum from the fact that they stand in relation to the nation from which they issue forth, not as a class apart, but strictly as national representatives. The Prussian army is essentially a national army — a national microcosm. It is not a mere isolated body of trained men; it is a vital part of the nation, which beats with the same pulse and is animated with the same emotions. Such a force is, we will not say irresistible, but, well directed, it undoubtedly forms a powerful a military engine, whether for attack or defence, as can be conceived. We call attention to these things, not as being new, but because they have derived from recent events a new emphasis and increased strength, and because, while we are striving to remodel our military system, it behoves us attentively to observe the results of that system which appears to combine at once the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of cost. If standing armies are unendurable, if daily they are becoming more of an anachronism, and if, at the same time, it is daily becoming more and more necessary to have always at hand a numer-

ous body of trained men for the defence of the country — a force which, while not always on foot, can spring into active, efficient existence at a moment's notice — then surely it is important to note the suggested and apparently satisfactory solution of this problem which is presented by the Prussians. This is the first great lesson of the present war.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA.

We fear that the sense of the necessity of pressing on our naval and military preparations has grown less keen since Parliament broke up. The event which gave such a sudden impulse to these preparations was undoubtedly the publication of the Draught Treaty and the light it was supposed to throw on the designs of France. Now all danger from this quarter may be considered to have passed away. France is in no position to conquer Belgium; she has enough to do to escape being conquered herself. Fortune has favoured and promises still to favour the arms of Prussia, and most of the organs of English opinion are in such a hurry to make their obeisance to the rising sun that they do not stop to consider whether his rays may not later in the day be found to scorch those exposed to them. We cannot see that the French reverses have made any change in the duty of the English Government. From whatever point of view the war is regarded it seems laden with danger to the tranquillity of the rest of Europe. Let us assume in the first instance that the close of the present campaign will be as triumphant for Prussia as its beginning. We put this simply as a supposition. We have no wish to prejudge the result of the gallant efforts which the French nation are making to retrieve their defeat; but, as impartial observers, it is impossible to doubt that the odds are still greatly in favour of the Prussians, and consequently, in calculating how the future will affect our own policy, it is natural in the first instance to start from this hypothesis. We pointed out the other day what a tremendous military Power Prussia would become in the event of her completely overthrowing the French armies; and we cannot profess to derive much comfort from the reflection that the Prussians belong to the Teutonic race. No doubt distinctions of race are very important, as summing up the action of many ages on particular sections of mankind.

But the identity of the human nature underlying these distinctions is more important still; and one of the best ascertained facts about human nature seems to be that moderation is rarely the offspring of sudden success. Looked at in this aspect—there are other aspects pointing to a different conclusion, on which we may dwell at some other time—the supremacy of Prussia in Europe may be apt to generate future aggressions, and if this is so, it becomes of some moment to know what are the feelings which the Prussians cherish towards Great Britain. It has been too much taken for granted in this country that the success of our fellow Teutons can be nothing but a benefit to England; that it will be rather an advantage than otherwise to have the dictatorship of Europe “in the family.” So far as can be judged from the most influential German newspapers, this is not altogether the view of the case that prevails in Germany. England seems to be regarded there with a mixture of dislike and contempt. This sentiment is mainly due to two causes: one a belief that England could have prevented the war, if she had chosen, by intimating to the Emperor of the French that any readjustment of the French frontier on the Rhine would be opposed by Great Britain at all hazards; the other, a feeling that the German effort to destroy the preponderance of France ought to have found an ally in England. The inaction of England under these circumstances is attributed to the fact that she is no longer a great Power in Europe. She is entirely given up, these journals say, to the pursuit of commercial interests. Her rulers belong to a middle class which has neither the courage nor the willingness to make the sacrifices which are demanded by a great policy, and they themselves have all the indecision which marks statesmen sprung from the bourgeoisie. The Hamburg *Börsenballe*, itself a commercial organ of great weight, sets out this view with remarkable plainness and precision. The England we have hitherto believed in, it says, has been an ideal England, ruled by an intelligent and energetic aristocracy, which is in its turn supported by a vigorous and patriotic population of country gentlemen, sailors, and merchants. The German people have wilfully shut their eyes to the progress of that social decomposition which now threatens the existence of England. It needed their recent experiences to convince them how deeply the cancer of “mercantilism” has eaten into the national character, and to how great an extent the “ferocious selfishness” of the shopkeeper incapacitates

Englishmen from comprehending the policy which can alone secure the true and lasting interests of the British Empire. Let England—the *Börsenballe* goes on—remain in her isolation. United Germany has no need of her alliance; rather it will be England that will by-and-by present herself as a mendicant for the alliance of Germany. But when that day comes—when England asks for German co-operation in keeping Russia out of Constantinople—let Germany remember 1870.

We have given the substance of this article, because it seems to embody in a very telling way the estimate in which we are held in Germany, and because it is extremely desirable that Englishmen should not delude themselves into thinking that because the aggrandizement of Prussia is the aggrandizement of our ethnological kinsmen, it is therefore indirectly a rise in the world for ourselves. It is clear that so far as views similar to those we have quoted prevail in Prussia the temper of the nation is likely to be hostile towards England. With our high opinion of the middle classes it is difficult for us to realize what the term “bourgeoisie” conveys to a people like the Prussians, proud of their military successes, accustomed to military organization, and subject to an intensely military government. There is in it all the contempt implied in Napoleon’s old taunt, “A nation of shopkeepers;” and the contempt in this case is strengthened by the conviction, which was probably wanting in the former case, that the taunt is literally true. When the Germans say that England is governed by its bourgeoisie they are speaking to themselves, not to us. Their object is not so much to hurt our pride as to convince their own people that in all future political combinations England may be left out of the account. She will never act vigorously except where her business interests are concerned, and then, if she is only left to herself, she will be too weak to act to any purpose.

It is not our intention at present to investigate the accuracy of this estimate of the position and character of England. How far our policy for some years back has tended to justify it, and what considerations must be supplied by way of modifying these sweeping conclusions, are points to which we may return some other time. All that need be insisted on now is the probability that a nation which holds us so cheaply will pursue its designs in utter disregard of any effect they may have upon England. What these designs are likely to be is another question. They may have

nothing in them that threatens us in any way whatever. But the existence of a Power in Europe able and willing to take its own course, no matter whether that course does or does not involve injury and dishonour to England, ought to be a sufficient reason for resting our future policy upon an adequate basis of material force. If England has not yet abandoned the claim to be a great Power, the knowledge that she is supposed to have forfeited the title ought to incite her to such an effective revision of her military and naval armaments as may enable her to speak when she thinks fit with the weight and calmness which is the accompaniment of conscious strength.

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From The Saturday Review.  
RUSSIA AND THE WAR.

AFTER the Congress of Paris in 1856 the policy of Russia was authoritatively declared to be one of strict isolation and reserve. England, it was announced, had betrayed the confidence of the Emperor Nicholas, and repelled his offers of a share in the confiscation of the Turkish Empire, in order to throw herself headlong into an alliance with the Second Empire, and to secure the friendship of a dangerous conspirator by lending him her own prestige. Austria had played an obscure and shifty part as a neutral; Prussia had looked more kindly on her old ally, but declined a closer and more active sympathy. Russia had learnt a severe and bitter but profitable lesson from her heroic efforts and glorious reverses; to live her own life, to recruit and renovate her unexhausted though shattered energies, to devote herself to the material interests of peace — in a word, to "collect herself" for the sure but not precipitate fulfilment of her destinies. *Se recueillir* — that was to be the whole duty of Russian statesmanship for years to come, according to Prince Gortschakoff. That duty has been faithfully observed, and a new Russia, more Muscovite and more discreet, though not less despotic, has been created out of the ruins of the old Russia of serfdom and silence, of intervention and intrigue. In the two great centres of the Empire something like national opinion has sprung up and spread from a few salons to the colleges, and from official circles to public journals. Foreign capital has been attracted by high interest and punctual dividends to investments in railway enterprise. The foundation of a new polity and

a new society have been laid, and while all this internal renovation was going on, never was the foreign policy of Russia more decided, more dignified, or more self-possessed. Sebastopol was scarcely taken when the Emperor Napoleon was meditating his own terms of peace with an enemy who, having served his purpose in obtaining one alliance, might be the confidential partner in another. At the opening of the Italian war in 1859 a Franco-Russian alliance was in the air. Louis Napoleon courted it, nor was it from any want of warmth in his courtship that his "intentions" were declined. What he wanted it for, or what was the ulterior object of his intentions, is less clear. Probably his "intentions" were only half formed conspiracies against some Power whose alliance was no longer indispensable to him. Russia knew very well that while he was courting her alliance he was coqueting, like his uncle, with the inexhaustible credulity of Poland, and holding in reserve the dreams and hopes of that everlasting victim of French revolutionary jargon. When, a few years later, the Polish insurrection broke out, and that fantastic and impracticable nationality threw away the last chance of a government and administration of its own, the French Emperor felt himself obliged to make some show of active sympathy. But the moment Prince Gortschakoff replied to covert menaces by a disdainful despatch, the heir and successor of the man for whom thousands of brave Poles had fallen in battle drew back, and held his peace; and ever since that signal diplomatic discomfiture he has assiduously cultivated the most friendly relations with the Power that slapped his face, and has almost obsequiously studied to please the restorer of order at Warsaw. His ostentatiously affectionate welcome to the Czar in Paris during the International Exhibition — a welcome so inauspiciously interrupted by a Polish pistol — was bitterly remarked by French Republicans. During the four years of preparation for the attack upon Prussia, Louis Napoleon has persevered in his assiduities at St. Petersburg, through one of the most devoted of his personal agents, whose favoured position at the Court of Alexander II. is a favourite topic in the Official Journal. This laborious affectation of friendship has not, however, estranged him from his other alliances, with England, with Austria, and with Turkey. It has rather assumed the character of a warning to his other allies to beware of the possibility of that Russian alliance which he could never obtain. Alexander II., if less

disdainful than his father of these advances, is scarcely more solicitous of their sincerity. While the *Journal Officiel* was dwelling with eager satisfaction on General Fleury's successes as a courtier, the Czar was publicly and formally exchanging with King William of Prussia congratulatory reminiscences of a memorable defeat of the First Napoleon in Germany.

Such were the relations between the Governments of France and Russia when the Duke of Gramont read to the Chambers the declaration of war, and such to all appearances they are now, when the German armies under the Prussian standards are marching upon the French capital. For the best of reasons Russia is watching the frontiers of the Posen, and holding Austrian neutrality in check. In the Baltic Russia observes the movements of the French squadrons with anxious attention. Russia advises and sustains the neutrality of the Scandinavian kingdoms. Russian influence restrains rather than encourages the rash intrigues of the King of Italy. Russia recognizes the justice of the retribution which Prussia is inflicting upon Imperial France. But when we say "Russia," we mean the Russian Court and Government. Nothing less probably than the appearance of the Sultan in the field as the ally of France against Germany, or the armed intervention of Austria, or perhaps the formation of a Polish legion, would tempt the Czar to swerve from his neutrality, or to abandon the common interest of all the neutral States in circumscribing the area of hostilities. For if Russia, in the sense of the Russian Government, is certainly not unfavourable to the German cause, very different is the public opinion of Russia, so far as it finds expression in the journals of that party which is supposed to represent the national sentiment of the Russian people. These journals and especially the most independent and influential of them all, are loud and emphatic in their sympathy for France in her present trials and troubles. They complain of the partiality of the official telegrams which exaggerate the successes and disguise the losses of the German armies. They swear as valiantly as the *Gaulois* or the *Soir* that the victories of France are yet to come, and rejoice by anticipation in the disastrous retreat of King William and his confederates across the Rhine. To what are we to ascribe these Muscovite sentiments? To chivalrous compassion for the gallant heroes of the Malakoff, the descendants of the heroes of the retreat from Moscow? To a belief in the democratic and socialistic ideas of Louis

Napoleon? To the love of the Russian aristocracy for Paris? Or is it to the Muscovite hatred of all that is German—of German statesmen, German generals, German administrators, and German bureaucrats? Or to the natural antipathy of near neighbours? Or to jealousy of the copartitioners of Poland? Or to a dim fear of a future revindication by united Germany of the Baltic provinces? The last we take to be the best of all the good reasons and bad passions that may be found in the Russo-phobia of the Russian press, especially in the organs of the old Russia party. If we add the spirit of resistance to whatever may be the course of the Government, this extreme tenderness for the hereditary patrons (and betrayers) of Polish nationality is perhaps sufficiently explained.

Without attaching too much importance to the stories, in which the French official press appears to take comfort, of the extraordinary social successes of General Fleury at the Russian Court, of the Emperor Alexander leaning on the arm of the Ambassador and putting him on terms of confidential and almost affectionate intimacy, there is reason to believe that these lively demonstrations have a more than personal significance. The Emperor Alexander is a kind-hearted man, and he must feel for the woes of the ruler of France. Common generosity—not to speak of Imperial magnanimity—would, under existing circumstances, recommend one of Louis Napoleon's nearest and dearest friends to the sympathies of the Sovereign to whom he is accredited. Personal courtesy is not necessarily an act of policy, and personal kindness to a reconciled enemy and a hospitable friend who has fallen upon evil days is grateful to one's feelings without compromising one's interests. Alexander II. may be glad to break the fall of the French Emperor by lavishing attentions upon his favourite agent. To suppose that all this "enforced ceremony" means a deliberate design on the part of the Czar to relinquish a secure and profitable neutrality in favour of France, to exchange an old and tried alliance for a new and hazardous one, to stand, armed and menacing, between a liberated Germany and a defeated aggressor, as France stood between Austria and Prussia at Nikolsburg, to snatch from King William the result of hard-won victories, and to save the disturber of European peace from merited retribution—this appears to us a very wild hypothesis. The Russian people—or, rather, the knot of eccentric politicians who impersonate a people—may be jealous of the triumphs of

German arms and of her vast defensive military organization, which is henceforth to be supreme in Central Europe. Looking to the present, and not into some far and shadowy future, the military supremacy of Germany, united under Prussian leadership, in Central Europe should be a guarantee, rather than a danger or an obstacle, to the peaceful growth and prosperity of Russia, so long as Russia remains a defensive Power. An alliance with France is an alliance with the Revolution. This might please the communists, but what have the old Russian party, the exterminators of the Polish nationality, what have the new Russian party, the Panslavic agitators in Bohemia, to hope from it? If by an alliance with France the old Russian party means a division of the empire of the East, it can

hardly be the common interest of the present neutral Powers to prevent Prussia from exacting full securities against such experiments. Russia may regard with evil eyes the development of German naval power, but this development is only the natural and inevitable consequence of the territorial extension and unity of a nation whose mercantile marine is already the second in the world. If Russia dislikes the unity of Germany, she must learn to accept one more accomplished fact. The Russian Government is in no condition to go to war to prevent it; and if it tried to do so, it would seek in vain for allies, and would provoke disasters compared with which the retribution that is falling upon the inordinate ambition and the firebrand policy of Napoleonic France would be but a passing cloud.

## ONLY A WORD!

A **FRIVOLOUS** word, a sharp retort,  
A parting in angry haste,  
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,  
The loving look and the tender kiss,  
Has set on a barren waste,  
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet,  
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A moment that blots out years,  
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,  
Where billows of passion surge and roar  
To break in a spray of tears;  
Tears shed to blind the severed pair  
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A flash from a passing cloud,  
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,  
Are ashes and dust for evermore.  
Two faces turn to the crowd,  
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,  
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
An arrow at random sped,  
It has cut in twain the mystic tie  
That had bound two souls in harmony,  
Sweet love lies bleeding or dead.  
A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim,  
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
Alas! for the loves and lives  
So little a cause has rent apart;  
Tearing the fondest heart from heart  
As a whirlwind rends and rives,  
Never to reunite again,  
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
Alas! that it should be so!  
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,  
Have wrought more evil, and done more wrong,  
Have brought to the world more woe  
Than all the armies age to age  
Records on hist'ry's blood-stained page.

All the Year Round.

## ISABEL.

"**ISABEL, Isabel!**  
This is dreary work,— ah, well!  
Dreary work to weave in verse  
Something to bedeck thy hearse;  
I who fain would only weep,  
Gazing on thee laid to sleep  
By a spell the ages keep.

"**Isabel, Isabel!**  
When thy footsteps lightly fell  
On the May-day flowers, less fair  
Than thy virgin graces were,  
Little did I think the vow,  
Made to thee with laughing brow,  
Would be kept at last as now.

"**Isabel, Isabel!**  
Thus you said : "O ring my knell!  
Never sing of any one,  
Till these mortal sands be run :  
Beauty flees, and leaves no trace;  
Honour changes to disgrace;  
Death alone can crown the race."

Spectator.